JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 27, 1932

A DIVORCE SLAVE SPEAKS ON PAGE 19

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LI.
No. 1341.

JOHN BULL

The "House" agrees—

OXO

must be in the Food Cabinet

1D

This price does not apply to the Irish Free State.

Each Packet makes Two Cups of rich, nourishing Cocoa

No Milk or Sugar required

OXADE COCOA TABLETS

THORNS' GARDEN SHEDS

ARMY HUTS
PAVILIONS
BUNGALOWS
GARAGES
etc., etc.

A novice can erect. Complete, ready for use. Six sections to bolt together. ⅞ in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt despatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	6 payments	Or 12
6 ft.	4 ft.	6½ ft.	£2 . 19 . 6	of 10 4	of 5 5
8 ft.	5 ft.	6½ ft.	£4 . 1 . 0	of 14 2	of 7 6
10 ft.	7 ft.	8 ft.	£6 . 6 . 0	of £2.2	of 11/7

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The Great British RUPTURE Treatment supported by the MEDICAL PROFESSION.

Send for Free Booklet of the most wonderful appliance for relief from Rupture. Not a truss, but a neat, washable little belt with a pad you inflate in a second to the pressure required. Adjusted in a moment. Cannot slip out of place. So light and comfortable that you will not know you have it on. It holds the Hernia firmly so that in nearly every case the broken tissues reunite, and the rupture is conquered for ever. Doctors everywhere recommend it and "The Lancet" has endorsed it. Write now to:—

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Ellis's BUNGALOWS

£118

In complete sections for easy erection by amateurs. Hundreds of sizes and designs.

Other designs:—

20' x 10' (2 rooms)	.. ..	£26 10
30' x 10' (3 rooms)	.. ..	£47 0
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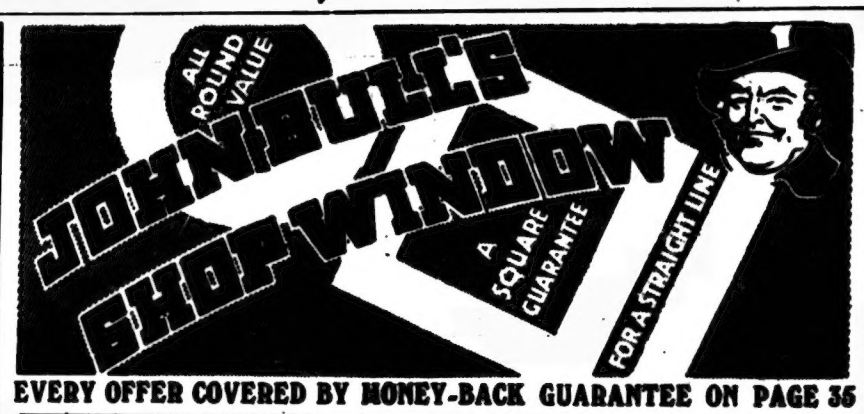
Think of it. For one week only, simply to advertise our catalogue, we are offering a pair of guaranteed hard wearing trousers at practically cost price, viz.: 4/- per pair. These are fine grey with a neat stripe and made of practically untearable material and we guarantee to replace should they fail to please. Send for a pair now, and if you are not completely satisfied with your bargain, we undertake not only to refund your money, but will give you 1/- as a recompense for your disappointment. Send to-day as this opportunity may not occur again. State size (28 in. to 40 in. waist) 42 in. to 48 in. 1/- extra. Stock sizes only.

4/-

Postage on 1 or 2 pairs 9d. or (C.O.D.)

KUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, ILFORD.



EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 35

7/6 BRINGS THIS MAGNIFICENT TWO-VALVE WIRELESS SET

Entirely complete and ready to switch on, including Loud Speaker, OSRAM Valves and EXIDE Accumulator and Batteries, all self-contained in a handsome Mahogany Cabinet. **Cash Price 79/-.** (No extras.) Immediate delivery. Every Set Guaranteed.

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Complete bargain SALE.

2 Woolly Blankets	80 x 60
2 Strong Sheets	80 x 60
2 Pillow Slips	30 x 18
1 Bolster Case	58 x 20
1 Art. Bedspread	80 x 60
2 Check Glass Cloths	
2 Turkish Towels	42 x 20
1 Damask Table Cloth	52 x 52
1 Pair Art. Silk Stockings	
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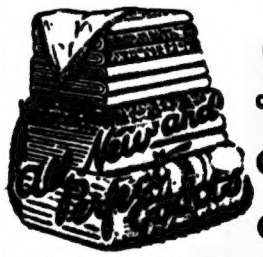
BEDDING BALE DOWN QUILTS GIVEN AWAY



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1,500 SETS TO BE CLEARED.

Each Bale contains:

2 Heavy White Woolly Blankets, Bordered and Whipped Double Bed Size. 90 by 70.
2 Heavy Bolton Sheets, Double Bed Size. 90 by 70.
2 White Pillow Cases.
1 White Bolster Case.
1 Turkish Towel.
1 Grand Parcel of Cretonne.

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50,000 Yards CASEMENT CURTAINING 1D.

LACE NETS CRETONNES

SUY DIRECT.

Actual Samples of plain Hemstitched, Inserted, Guaranteed Fadeless Cretonnes, Reps, Nets, Poplins, Satins, Stripes, Artificial Silks, Multi Stripes, etc.

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72 Coloured Illustrations Lovely Cretonnes.

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CASEMENT MANUFACTURING CO.

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SCREENED-GRID THREE-VALVE WIRELESS SET

Magnificent self-contained Battery-driven Pedestal Model, made under Marconi Licence. The last word in power and efficiency. Highly selective & far reaching. Beautiful Dark Oak Cabinet 36ins. high. Complete with Aerial Outfit—nothing else to buy. Immediate delivery. Carriage Paid £12.10 Terms: 19/- now 19/- monthly. Fullest approval. Catalogues of this and other fine Batteries or Mains. POST FREE.

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SIZE: 39 x 21 x 14ins.

15/- PER MONTH

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for REPAIRING BREAKAGES in china, glass, ovenware, etc., no rivets required. PIXO STOPS LEAKS in kettles, saucepans, aluminium, copper, iron, tin or enamelware, and makes them AS GOOD AS NEW—even valuable china and glass.

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These make CHARMING GIFTS for Easter, Birthday and Wedding presents that adorn any room. Pure Silver Rims with solid beautifully ebonised backs. Supplied direct from works.

GUARANTEED BY ACTUAL MAKERS.

A FULL-WORTH VALUE that saves you 25 to 50%.

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Distributors for Manufacturers.

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HERE is a coupon to every shop-keeper. Hundreds of kinds, many attractive. **Sturmey-Archer** 3-speed gear and **Dunlop** tyres. Apply to your carriage paid. A... them a **15 - Free Gift Coupon** will be given to you.

Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. T. Roby CYCLE WAREHOUSE, 24, COVENTRY

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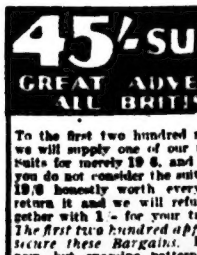

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Send 1/- for packet of Pure Tea. Your name and address will be entered for a Silver-Plated Tea Service, which will be sent to you free of charge. Tea is delicious and guaranteed to please. Send 1/- to-day.

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ASK YOUR SHOE REPAIRER TO MEND YOUR BOOTS and SHOES WITH PURITAN LEATHER SOLES

Longer Wear—Greater Comfort

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30/- value for 11/9

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Sent on Free Approval on receipt of a postcard.

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You can play this delightful instrument with very little practice with the aid of our Free Lightning Tutor. Brass Fretted Finger Board, sweet mellow tone, solidly built, highly polished finish. **30/- VALUE for 11/9.** We will send you one of these Southern Isles "real" Ukulele Banjos upon receipt of your name and address. If entirely to your satisfaction you send 1/1 on receipt and 1/- fortnightly until 11/9 is paid. Full cash with order or balance within 7 days 10/6 only.

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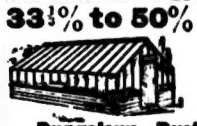
33⅓% to 50% REDUCTIONS



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Bungalows, Rustic Houses, Garages.

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"South Western" HUTS & GARAGES

GARAGES:

10' x 7' ... £6.12.0
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HUTS:

6' x 5' ... £3.16.0
8' x 5' ... £4.10.6
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1" Planed Rebated & Weatherboard.

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108 SQ FT for ONLY 2/- DOWN

You can now obtain this wonderful NEW-PROCESS Floor Covering on Easy Terms! **Delivered (108 sq. ft.) on receipt of deposit of only 2/-. Balance payable in 10 weekly sums of 2/-.** Longer lengths pro rata. Warranted damp- and rot-proof. Exceptionally long-wearing. Ideal covering for stone or brick floors—Lies flat—no fixing required. Damp cloth cleans perfectly. **Send NOW for Free Pattern Pieces of TRI-NOLEUM** (extra quality).

POST THIS COUPON TO JONES STORES, 51, London Road, Croydon.

Please send me full particulars of TRI-NOLEUM, Free Pattern Pieces, and Easy Terms Order Form.

Name.....

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In hanks or in lengths, ready for use. Cable and 6-fold. 100 shades.

Send a p.c. for this

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The Biggest Radio Bargain since broadcasting began

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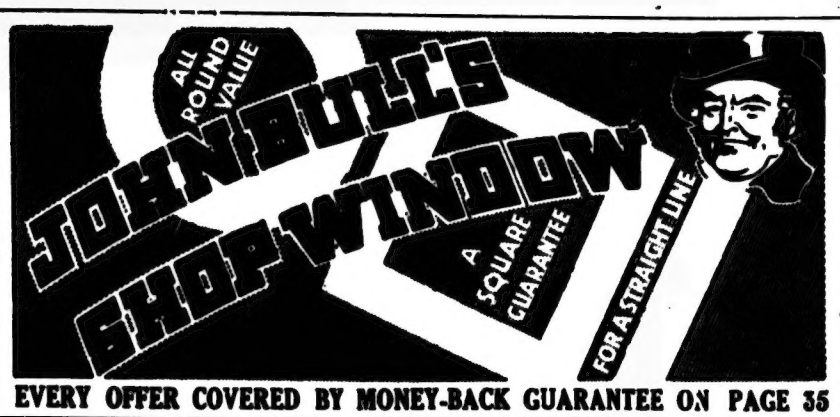

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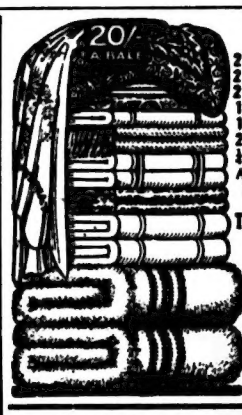

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2 White Woolly Blankets 90 x 70
2 Good Bolton Sheets 90 x 70
2 White Pillow Slips 30 x 18
1 White Bolster Case 58 x 18
1 Beautiful Bedspread 80 x 60
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
½ doz. Dainty Handkerchiefs
ALL DOUBLE BED SIZE.
Money back if not satisfied.

The Lot 20/- Carr. Free.
Cash or C.O.D.
Immediate Delivery.
A Handsome Wadded DOWN QUILT Free with cash Sale. Also pair Art. Silk Hose free if Cash with order.
STANDARD (MURMAE), Ltd., Dept. K.6, 191, Princess Street, Manchester.

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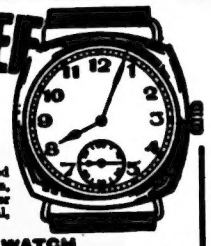

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Thoroughly tested, jewelled movement, utmost precision, handsome dial, on strong leather strap. 25/6. Luminous dial, 2/- extra.

LADY'S WATCH
On Moire Band, similar movement, 24/-. On expanding Solid Silver Bracket, 29/6.
Send to Dept. J.B. to-day for one of these marvellous watches. 2/- discount for cash with order.
Both warranted for 15 years.
7 Days after receipt of Watch pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly.
Write for Catalogue.

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WONDERFUL NEW SUPPORT WHICH ENTIRELY SUPERSEDES BALL AND OVAL FRONTED PADS.

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The perfected Blunden Rupture Appliance is quite new, yet no sooner is it on the market than nearly 1,000 delighted users recommend it to their friends. Mr. W. Blunden, the World famous Rupture Expert, has designed and perfected a pneumatic Pad on an entirely new principle, which gives adequate support to the weakest part of the Rupture. It cannot possibly puncture, vary its pressure or become deflated. The whole Appliance is light, strong, washable, and is the only one guaranteed to last.

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Test it before you pay!

Sent on Seven Days' Free Trial. Perfect fitting guaranteed through the Post. No harmful stock pads.
THE CHEAPEST AND MOST EFFICIENT ON THE MARKET
Approved Societies allow the whole amount. Write NOW.
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CHIMNEY SWEEPING

and Drain Cleaning Machines. 30 ft. Red Malacca Canes, fitted best brass screws and sockets. 18 in. base chimney brush.
Carriage Paid 20/-
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Cash refunded if not satisfied.

30 ft. 20/-. 40ft. 24/6, 50ft. 31/6. 60ft. 38/6, 70ft. 41/6. 80ft. 48/-, 100ft. 59/6.
These are Best Quality. We no longer supply the second quality.
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BRIGHT MUSIC

For every home & for all occasions

GRAVES PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE complete with 24 SELECTIONS is the World's finest Gramophone value. Compact, powerful, covered with leather cloth, nickel-plated corners, smooth running Motor, 10-inch turntable, Internal Sound Horn, sensitive Sound Box, Receptacle in lid for Records. £3.10 Carriage Paid.

WITH 12 ½-CROWN RECORDS

Terms: 5/- now, and 18 monthly payments of 5/- Full Approval
Catalogue Free. Full range of all Types. Easy Terms
A. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

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BABY CLOTHES

Superb Layette for 20/-, comprising 75 home-made articles, including beautiful Christening Robe, Dainty Robe Skirt, Afternoon Gowns, Night Gowns, Matinee Coats, Silk and Wool Carrying Shawl, Vests, Back Flannels, Genuine Terry Nape, Pilchers, and other articles needed for baby's birth. Send only 2/- for parcel on appro. and satisfy yourself first before paying balance on terms or cash. Thousands of delighted customers. Satisfaction or money back.

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OUR 1932 COMMISSION TERMS
THE HIGHEST PAID IN BRITAIN
BEGIN ENJOYING THIS LARGER PRIVATE INCOME NOW—BECOME AN AGENT FOR

£5 COMMISSION ON A 20-WEEK CLUB

2 Dining Room Chairs 29/-

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the Super-Club that Pays

SUPER COMMISSION

ORGANISERS REQUIRED IN EVERY DISTRICT to form our popular 20-week clubs on our 1932 Super-Commission Terms. Earn Big Money in your spare time without effort, outlay or worry. To do yourselves and your pockets full justice, prospective Organisers and Organisers of Clubs should not fail to send for particulars and 100-page catalogue showing the wonderful goods of the "B.B.B." Club—Britain's Best Bargains—and see for yourselves that our commission terms are now the highest paid and our goods better value.

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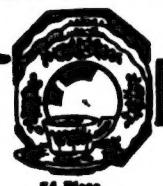
Send for Booklet, "Money Made and Money Saved."

2 Pairs British Made Blankets 10/-

Reclining Armchair 10/-



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of ROYAL Cycles.
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5-Guinea Models for 59/6 (or 5/9 monthly)
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Numerous other models at similar reductions.
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All Models guaranteed for 50 years

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FREE GIFT

8 ten inch tunes and 200 needles given with this model. Price £3.19.6 or 7/3 monthly for 12 months

Model 53—OAK finished Cabinet 35 ins. high with new AUTO-STOP powerful British Motor, Fullotone Junior Soundbox, Metal Amplifier, etc., and record compartment. Gives mighty volume and lifelike purity.

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FULLOTONE *It Stops Itself!*

Model No. 53. 20 other models and RADIO BARGAINS.

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Every watch guaranteed for 2 years—but will last a generation. Every watch subjected by maker to rigorous scientific tests for accuracy. Immune from shock and proof against damp, dust and magnetic interference. All this for 9/6! (Luminous dial 10/-) Also handsome Gent's Lever Wristlet by same maker, complete with strap, 10/-. Either Watch ensures your always being up in time and always in time when you are up.

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GUARANTEED TWO YEARS

A masterpiece of cycle tyre construction. Punctures defied! 50% more mileage guaranteed! Made by latest Electro-Hydraulic process and fitted with unique Puncture Shield. No more roadside delays or messy patching. Thousands sold at 5/6. Shoals of testimonials.

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Trade enquiries invited.

Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles and Accessories. 5/- in 5 saving.
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THE GREATEST GAME ON THE FINEST 'HOME' BILLIARD TABLE

13/3 DOWN brings prompt delivery of the 6 ft. size Riley "Home" Billiard Table to rest on an ordinary dining table. You pay the balance by easy instalments. Cash Price £11 15s. 7 days' Free Trial allowed, and Rileys pay carriage and take all transit risks.

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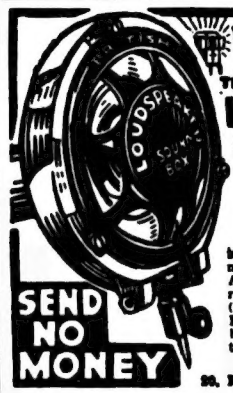

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LOUDSPEAKER SOUNDBOX ON YOUR GRAMOPHONE

You can transform the cheapest, weakest gramophone into a super sweet-toned instrument, equal to the most expensive cabinet model. Amazing volume of sound. Send no money. Send postcard only. Approved Customers pay after receiving soundbox 2/- weekly (11/- in all), or 10/- CASH DOWN. State whether soundbox fits in or slips over the tone-arm of your gramophone.

F. HAND & Co., 20, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

FROM 5/7 Per Month SECURED ON FIRST PAYMENT

THAT SHED You Need

For storing Tools, Cycles, Frame, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage paid to your station in 6 crates, easily erected sections 9/8-in. planed, moulded, rebated weatherboards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Long	Wide	High	Cash	or 6 Payments	or 12
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10 ft. x	7 ft. x	7½ ft.	£5 7 6	20/4	11/8

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NOW AVAILABLE AT FACTORY PRICES

Marvellous 2, 3 and 4-Valve Sets, with single dial tuning, great selectivity and remarkable tone, only 10/- down, balance monthly. BRITISH MADE—all latest improvements. Complete with Cossor Valves, Batteries, etc., for instant use. Superlative value also in Screened Grid and Table Sets. Send Coupon NOW for Art Plates and details of latest Sets.

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ADDRESS .....
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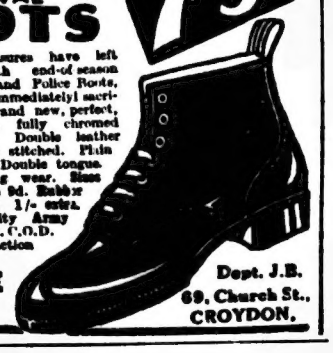

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Some are caught; others always escape

EVERY year in this country scores of thousands of men and women are called upon for jury service. Broadly speaking, all voters having any reasonable standing in the community may be called upon without warning to perform this most important civic duty.

To serve upon a jury is something more than an imposed task: it is a privilege of citizenship. Britain's unequalled reputation for impartial justice depends upon the jury system.

We know that if we are accused, justly or falsely, of any crime; if we are forced to fight an important civil action, we can count absolutely upon the supreme protection of trial by jury.

Our liberty and our fortune will not depend upon the judgment of one man alone. We have the right to have our case tried by our fellow-citizens and we can rely upon their impartiality.

But we cannot enjoy privileges without being ready to fulfil corresponding obligations. Our right to trial by jury involves acceptance of the State's right to demand our services as jurors when it comes to our turn.

JOHN BULL recognises this civic obligation without question. We have no sympathy for the men and women in important positions who protest that jury service is a waste of their time. On the contrary, we denounce them as shirkers.

Equal service

BUT we do demand that the jury system—one of the strong bulwarks of our liberty—shall not be brought into contempt by abuse or bad administration. We do insist that this burden of citizenship shall be, as far as possible, equally shared.

There is grave reason to suppose that the distribution of the burden is not equal to-day.

We want to know why it is that certain men and women are repeatedly caught in the net for service on juries, while others always escape.

Two recent cases illustrate the anomalies of the present situation and practice. At the Old Bailey, London, the other day the trial of a man charged with taking a girl under the age of eighteen out of her parents' custody had to be postponed until next sessions owing to difficulty in empanelling a jury.

The case had been heard a week previously, and the jury had disagreed. When the new jury was called it was found that four of them had actually served at the previous trial!

These obviously ineligible jurors were directed to leave the box and four others were called to take their places. It was then learned that three of these latter had also served as jurors at the original hearing of the case!

There is something seriously wrong in any organisation which permits of such a preposterous state of affairs. Common-sense and elementary justice alike must surely demand that jurors, who have patiently listened to a long case, should be discharged from further service.

There is another case, shortly to be heard before the courts for the fourth time, which compels attention. Here the plaintiff is suing for damages in respect of a road accident and three separate juries have found in his favour.

A jury, as most people know, has a final verdict on questions of fact, but it cannot assess damages against the weight of evidence or in excess of established legal precedent.

In this particular instance the verdict of each separate jury has been held to be "perverse" and twelve more busy people will have to give up their valuable time to a fresh hearing of the same case.

Justly indignant

SURELY this is another striking instance of the need for revision of the present system? Either the jury's assessment should be enforced, or failing that, their finding should be accepted, leaving the judge to assess the damages.

To give them their due, our judges, whether of the High Court or the County Court, are very appreciative of the service which jurors render to their country. And they are justly indignant when these services are vainly frittered away.

At Edmonton County Court a few weeks ago Judge Crawford deplored the fact that, for the sixth time in succession, juries had been summoned only to learn on the day of the hearing that the case had been settled.

Jurors are constantly called who never have to serve. Others have to wait in court for days—possibly even for weeks—on the off-chance of service. Outside the official exemption list, very few can be excused except upon medical grounds backed up by evidence.

We do not complain of this severity in principle, because it is clear that all of us ought to be prepared to make sacrifices of time and money in the national service.

But there is bitter reason for complaint if such sacrifices are frivolously demanded, and there is gross injustice when certain people are called as jurors many times while others, equally eligible, escape jury service altogether. Isolated contrasts of this kind might be put down to chance. But they are not isolated.

We have information from an unimpeachable source that juries are frequently drawn not only from the same district, but the same streets.

One can only conclude that certain under-sheriffs are content to leave the summoning of High Court and other juries to a sergeant at the local police-station.

Such an officer ought, in theory, to take the jury list in strict alphabetical order and serve his summonses regardless of the jurors' addresses.

Human nature being what it is, he often does nothing of the kind. Instead he takes the easier course of serving his summonses by picking names from two or three easily-worked streets.

This is a negation of justice, both to the jurors and to the accused person or party in a civil suit.

For it is clearly dangerous to let any man be tried by twelve people most of whom live close to one another and are likely to be biased in the same direction by the gossip and hearsay of the neighbourhood.

Here's the remedy

IN a dozen other ways our jury system, admirable in theory, needs to be revised in practice. It calls for careful examination, first by legal and then by Parliamentary authority.

In the meantime we urge the need for a central official in each borough or county to summon all juries, instead of leaving this important work, as at present, to at least three authorities acting without co-ordination.

Furthermore, juries must be summoned strictly by rota, with a periodical examination of the register by competent magistrates.

And summonses for jury service must be served in strict alphabetical order, no matter how far apart the people may happen to live.

There remains the question of release from jury service in cases which may involve exceptional hardship.

At present, apart from the automatic exemption of certain professional men, such as barristers and ministers of religion, no one can be excused service except on health or compassionate grounds. And even in such cases applications involve tedious formalities.

They shouldn't serve

WE suggest that, in the interest of public economy and justice alike, men and women engaged in important and necessary work—heads of executive departments, owners of one-man businesses and the like—should be excused service readily upon written and reasonable application.

For the rest we do not believe that decent citizens will grumble when it comes to their turn to undertake this disagreeable but highly important service.

The jury system means fair play for every party to a civil or criminal action. We must see to it that it also means fair play for all those whose service makes this system possible.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . . .

First Moves in Commons' Battle Over Peers

AFTER Tariffs, the House of Lords! The battle over the power of the peers will be re-fought during the life of this Parliament. First moves in the campaign are already being made.

Lord Hailsham is leading Conservatives who are in favour of boldly facing this long-delayed reform.

The veto again

Some of the Tory Ministers want to strengthen the Second Chamber by giving it back the veto on money Bills which it lost twenty years ago.

They want to unseat some of the hereditary peers and fill their places with Lords of Parliament—distinguished and representative public servants who would be appointed to the House for life.

Liberals would go

One thing is certain. The Lords were deprived of their veto by a Liberal administration, and if the Government attempts to restore it the Liberal Ministers will undoubtedly resign in a body.

Penny off beer

We have good reason to believe that Mr. Neville Chamberlain has now made up his mind to remove in his Budget Lord Snowden's disastrous extra penny a pint from the beer tax.

Moreover, he is aiming at taking not sixpence but a shilling off income-tax.

He will be the most popular Chancellor for years if he achieves his dual purpose.

Budget surplus

And he will probably succeed. Revenue is coming in faster than he expected. The Exchequer is better off by £24,000,000 than at the same time last year, and a good Budget surplus is likely.

The Premier's ace

Mr. MacDonald has a trump card up his sleeve which he will play if the Tory rebels' plot to oust him ever looks like succeeding.

He has been promised the right to a dissolution and a General Election if he is deposed from the Premiership.

Shadow boxing

Sir Herbert Samuel is still on the warpath. He will continue to attack on the Tariff Bill not only in Parliament but throughout the country. There will be scores of meetings and wholesale distribution of pamphlets.

But isn't this like shutting the stable door after the horse has bolted?

The axe comes down

There are more cuts coming.

The Treasury has ordered the fighting services rigorously to prune their estimates for the coming year. Much of the new naval construction will be held up, and the Ministries of Health and Labour and the Board of Education will also have to slow down projected work schemes.

This policy won't help the unemployed.

He means business

Our hearty welcome to Andrew Mellon, the new United States Ambassador to Britain, won't be shared by the self-important people who like to hear themselves make long after-dinner speeches.

General Dawes wouldn't tolerate them, and they will find that his successor won't either. Mr. Mellon is a business man and he is not coming here to hear people talk.

Official murder

Here is this week's most pathetic story:—

Because she was a newcomer to the district, a Glossop woman was compelled to walk eighteen miles with her dying baby to seek financial aid. The mother was dazed with hunger; the child died. Its blood is on the hands of the Glossop Guardians.

Penny Off Your Beer!

A Murder—By Red Tape

Here's to you, Neville!

Bank fight (round 2)

The "trade first" directors of the Bank of England have won the first round of their fight against the "gold standard" Old Guard by the reduction of the Bank Rate to 5 per cent.

But they won't remain satisfied with that.

They will urge a new policy of helping trade by the expansion of credit. This may include the discounting of trade bills on the American system.

They have the industrial leaders behind them—and the country, too.

Frightened Americans

The United States public is still hoarding. They have so little faith in their country's financial position that hundreds of millions of pounds—in dollars, of course—are kept in teapots and safe deposit boxes.

Even if the French banks withdrew all their gold stocks from New York, the United States gold reserve would still amount to a thousand million pounds. Britons, fortunately, have kept their heads throughout the crisis.

Mutual confidence

One evidence of our stability is that British building societies have increased their assets by £27,000,000 during the past year. Since the societies have no Government backing, this is a tribute to their able management throughout the general trade depression.

And a tribute to the good sense of the people who borrow money to pay for their houses.

Don't overdo it!

The Duchess of Atholl should go warily with her anti-Russian drive.

Ministers are preparing a draft scheme for breaking the trade agreement with Russia, and Britain may buy only as much goods from that country as it buys from us.

That seems fair enough. But let them take care not to lose the shipping, banking and insurance business which does not appear in the bare returns of exports and imports.

Saving the mines

We commend to the Coal Mines Commission the suggestion that pits with big future possibilities should be assisted by money grants until the passing of the trade depression.

A Welsh colliery of great potentialities was forced to close recently owing to the lack of £7,000, and its 600 workers are now idle. The money grants could easily be repaid when prosperity returned.

Mean rogue

Charity affords a convenient cloak for callous individuals, as our readers know. A Preston man took advantage of a students' hospital "rag" to try to collect money for himself.

He richly merited the sentence of a month's imprisonment.

Send old soldiers

The Guards are up in arms! It is proposed to send the 1st Battalion of the Coldstreams direct from London to Khartoum, one of the most unhealthy of our outposts.

Troops are usually seasoned in other parts of the East before going there, but the 1st Coldstreams consists largely of very young soldiers. The War Office should change its mind before the health of these lads is ruined.

Gallant black-coat

A man after our own heart is Mr. Sydney Barker, a chemist at a Colne works. After rescuing one man from a gas-filled sewer, he went down again with a fireman and brought up another man who, unfortunately, could not be revived.

Reform the schools!

Education is in a bad way. While young teachers cannot find jobs, there are 8,500 classes in elementary schools which have fifty children to a single teacher.

The Minister of Education has declined to raise the school-leaving age. The least he can do is to see that elementary schoolchildren have a fair chance before leaving at 14—and this would provide work for many idle teachers.

They need glasses!

Members of Liverpool Education Committee seem to be very short-sighted. The Government has offered to pay two-thirds of the cost of training the city's unemployed for work on allotments if the committee will pay the rest—about £15.

This has been refused on the score of "economy." We call it sheer stupidity.

Too dear houses

Another municipal body which wants a little common-sense is the Nottingham Housing Committee.

It proposes to build workmen's houses on one of the most valuable industrial sites in the city at a cost of £379 each. But the high price of the land will add another £347, so that the rents will have to be over 24s. a week to recoup the corporation.

Nottingham councillors may be able to afford such a rent, but working-men can't.

Ruining their skill

One disastrous result of prolonged unemployment was revealed when a London store ordered £15,000 worth of British silk stockings from a firm whose 600 machines had been idle for years.

Skilled hands could not be found to work the machines, and after scouring the country for a week only twenty were started. Let's hope these conditions will soon end and never be repeated.

He's got pluck

Curmudgeons who complain that the younger generation is "soft" should not be allowed to forget the 16-year-old Bradford boy who, because he did not want to worry his parents, concealed for weeks the fact that his eye would have to be removed.

He displayed not only consideration for others, but unusual fortitude.

Back to adventure

Did you think smuggling a dead business? Well, smugglers cost the Treasury over four million pounds a year, and this is likely to be doubled because of the Tariff.

Still, it should keep more coastguards and Customs officials busy—and novelists, too.

Robbing the parson

There is more trouble in the Church!

The Press and Publications Board of the Church Assembly, which spent £7,000 in six months last year, is under fire from one of its own members.

And thousands of underpaid clergy are angry at this waste of money on papers they do not want and never read. What they want is better pay.

Life risked—for 6d.

Some plucky deeds are poorly rewarded. Mr. William Watson, a Maryport man of small stature, who stopped a runaway horse after it had dragged him for some hundreds of yards, was given sixpence by the owner.

Perhaps the latter thought that as Mr. Watson was a small man, he deserved only a small reward.

War Office muddle

By closing the Army clothing factory at Pimlico and then proposing to start a new factory at Woolwich to absorb some of the discharged workers, the War Office has proved its incapacity for business.

Perhaps the brass-hats think it amusing to make the workers travel farther to their jobs.

Snip that red tape!

As in Whitehall, even the smallest details of Post Office business are tied up with red tape.

Thus, lodgers must rely on their late landladies for receiving letters addressed to their old home, though the P.O. re-directs letters for householders. Foreigners have long called us a nation of snobs.

The kiddies' mite

When their mother's purse was stolen, a small boy and girl of Birkenhead purloined goods from a draper's shop to compensate her for her loss.

They have been placed on probation for a year.

A wise decision, for their loyal indignation, though misapplied, hardly warranted punishment.

Are they down-hearted?

Here's to the women of Pembroke Dock! The town is drifting to bankruptcy owing to the closing of the Royal Dockyard. But the women are working to transform it into a holiday centre.

We hope that visitors to Wales will go there.

Better than nothing

We are glad to note that the Commercial Permanent Money Society, Ltd., which went into liquidation nine years ago and received our adverse comment, is likely to pay its ordinary investors about threepence in the £.

Something at least comes to those who wait.

Can the PREMIER STAND IT?

by

The Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES

Former Home Secretary and Leader of the House

Off duty — officially; but he still browses over his portfolio. The modern Prime Minister must fill his meagre leisure hours with the work of the State

WHO'D be a Prime Minister in these difficult times? The strain, physical and mental, of being Premier to-day is terrible. It is almost too heavy for one man to bear.

It is not that our modern leaders are made of frailer stuff than the giants of the past, but their burdens are infinitely greater—and they keep on growing.

It was sheer overwork that sent Mr. MacDonald into the nursing home for his eye operation. He has fine recuperative powers, but he will need every hour of his enforced rest to fit him for the renewed battle with the great home and world problems.

I have some qualifications for knowing how tremendous is the burden on a Prime Minister in these days. I was in Parliament for twenty-six years. I was three times a Minister, twice a member of a Cabinet, chairman of a party in Opposition, and once Leader of the House of Commons.

I've met people who think that the statesmen of Victorian days worked harder than those of to-day—probably because they remember them chiefly by the length of their speeches. But speeches do not wear a Minister down. It is the work behind the scenes that counts, and that work has increased out of all resemblance to that which faced the old-time leaders.

I have in mind Cabinet meetings, in which I took part last year, which started so early and finished so late that they lasted for hours beyond any trade union limit. I have known how much I have felt the strain and have seen how jaded my colleagues have been.

Therefore I can realise how particularly heavily it must have pressed on the shoulders of the Prime Minister.

Death hastened

I HEARD with complete understanding of the death of Dr. Stresemann, Germany's Foreign Minister, which was undoubtedly hastened by overwork. And I have never seen greater weariness than that I beheld in Dr. Brüning, the Chancellor, on his recent visit to London, imposed by the trials of leadership in post-war Germany.

Then there was the death of Mr. William Graham and the recent illness of Mr. Henderson. I wonder if it is realised that they were the victims of their work? If it is, it will help us to appreciate to what an extent the duties and distractions of a Prime Minister's life have multiplied.

My varied experience has offered me many opportunities of judging how the increase, in late years, of the size and complexity of political problems has brought about an enormous change in the range and character of a Prime Minister's responsibilities.

I remember reading of Disraeli that when he became Prime Minister for the second time at the age of sixty-nine, "the strain of leading the House of Commons had doubled since the time when Lord Palmerston could slumber tranquilly through his duties up to eighty years of age."

Disraeli was lucky!

YET the Prime Ministers of to-day are entitled to regard Disraeli with envy, let alone Palmerston and his nap. How could they afford to devote hours to the preparation of a speech and hours to its delivery?

In the past Ministers could be something in the nature of "country gentlemen." Disraeli loved his rambles in the woods. As a brilliant conversationalist, he found plenty of social opportunities for the exercise of his gift.

William Pitt the younger, who was Prime Minister before he was twenty-five, only went to the Continent once. Think of that in these days of the League of Nations, Reparations, Disarmament and other problems that keep statesmen running between one country and another.

Read the life of Gladstone. The years 1869 and 1870 were devoted almost exclusively to Irish affairs, and one whole session, from January 7 to August 27, a few years later, was concerned with Ireland, Gladstone devoting three hours to his speech introducing the Irish University Bill.

It would be impossible for a Prime Minister to devote a whole month to one single subject nowadays, when a 24-hours day seems too short for him, and normally good health is not enough to enable him to withstand the strain.

Ailing—still toiling

HE has to face harassing and vexatious problems weekly, even daily.

Even to the sick-bed he is followed by Ministers who must discuss with him urgent issues not only touching the welfare of millions of people at home but involving our relations with many parts of the world.

And in all these matters the mind of a Prime Minister must travel quickly from one issue to another, each requiring infinite care to handle and unerring wisdom to ensure the right decision.

Though he has no single Department, he must devote himself to a big group of questions that are solely his affair.

He must keep himself in touch with almost every Department, because he has to preside over his Cabinet and act as head of many committees and conferences—especially those which deal with the higher branches of executive and administrative work.

In my time I have seen the pace constantly growing. When I first went to the House of Commons it was rare to have an autumn session of Parliament. Not to have an autumn session is now the exception.

Then, in their departmental duties, Ministers have found that the topics they must touch have multiplied enormously. Just as the electorate has grown to its present wide dimensions, so have our laws increased immeasurably to cover the interests of additional millions of people.

In the old days it was enough for a Minister to visit his constituency once or twice a year. To-day, not only must he go frequently to his constituency, but his supporters often come up to London to keep in touch with him.

This wider range of activities have a direct bearing on the duties of a Prime Minister. The more the questions grow in variety and size, the more certain is the Prime Minister to hear about them through the Member of Parliament direct or through the Department concerned.

His lean purse

THERE are ungenerous people who talk lightly of a Premier's supposed soft job and good salary. Only a fortnight ago I was asked at a meeting the foolish question, "How much is the pension of an ex-member of the Cabinet or a Prime Minister?" I gave the answer I have had to give many times: "Not a penny."

Yes, the fiction still persists that a Prime Minister has an easy time, a free house and an establishment maintained for him at the cost of the State; though the truth is that he must pay dearly for living at No. 10, Downing Street.

I have lived next door, and I know.

He must pay wages of staffs and servants. His salary, when heavy taxation is allowed for, will be nearer £2,500 than the £4,000 which is the nominal figure.

And I am certain that the larger part of what he actually receives will be required to keep going the establishment in which his duties in the main are discharged.

I have just read that a distinguished musician has accepted an engagement to conduct a great orchestra at a fee of £500 for each performance.

I am sure his work is worth it.

Self-sacrifice

YET the man who conducts the business of the nation receives for a year's work a salary that many a great musician or a film-star would consider a small fee for a month's work.

Many motives may make a man strive to become a Prime Minister. He may have a praiseworthy ambition, a desire to serve his country. But he can really serve only if he is prepared to sacrifice.

And however fine his work may be, he has before him, according to all experience and precedent, the certainty of being dethroned one day either by his party or his country.

Wives Hate Us, but—WE ARE Really Good LITTLE Girls

"RHYTHM gets into your system . . ." and in the night the dance goes on, the saxophone's notes blare out, the couples twirl and turn, tormentingly . . . "I can feel the tread-tread of their feet"

I KNOW there are countless thousands of people who wince at the idea and say, "How horrible, poor girl," but I dance for tips for five hours every night at a well-known restaurant where the popping of champagne corks tries to compete with the drummer.

You may have seen me trying to look like a queen in an atmosphere of hot-house and glamour, keeping an eye on all the men likely to want to dance with me for a fee, yet pretending that I have no interest in anything except the dancing.

If you did, you probably decided I was an up-stage counterpart of the "pen girls" you have seen caged up at popular dances, ready to dance with anybody who can afford sixpence for a ticket.

A little more mercenary, because my living comes in tips and not tickets, you may have said.

You can trust me

Well, I am not all that I seem. None of us dance hostesses are.

I am not so unconcerned as I look when some idiot who tries to impress with some exhibition stunt tears my dance frock or kicks the tinsel off my shoes.

Dress eats up three of the six or seven pounds I make on average every week with my set-piece: "Give me whatever you like. I leave it to you."

And I am not enjoying the blare and dazzle and din of the evening as much as my dentifrice smile suggests. I am probably thinking of my sister, at home with her baby, and feeling life is pretty dull perhaps.

When I sit looking as demure as I can in the hope of impressing the big man with the Scandinavian-blonde hair, who looks as though he needs a partner, I am not the little innocent the London County Council believed me to be when it decided to enquire into my work with a view to protecting me.

Nor am I the wicked woman I appear to be to that stern-looking wife over there. I know she sees me not as a hard-working girl drinking champagne with a strange man because it is part of her job, but as a siren who would ruin her own husband if she could.

I am neither a dangerous woman nor a woman in danger, although everybody persists in regarding me as one or the other.

You can send the worst man in London to dance with me, somebody who would be a real danger in a suburban social, and I shall be quite safe. I have learned how to handle men. It is part of our job.

On the other hand, you can trust me with any of your menfolk. All I seek is a living, money to take home to mother to help keep the home going and a little extra to furnish my bottom drawer.

I don't care whether they replace the orchestra with a mouth-organ band, the champagne with cider, and give me no one but spinster ladies to dance with, as long as I can do that.

You must not judge me by what you see of me during my inglorious "five hours of fleeting glory." You know nothing of my off-duty hours, and you can only judge me by what I do then.

For instance, what would you think if I told you that the biggest thrill of my whole twenty-four hours is the sight of a pair of working boots, the property of a 'bus conductor to whom I daren't speak because I am so shy after hours?

When I tear myself away from my surroundings of wines, dishes out of season, fantastic decorations, saxophones and bubbly small-talk, I go home by omnibus, and it is then that I get my boots thrill.

Scattered tinsel

The man who takes my fare, round about 2 a.m., is the owner of them. Fine, manly looking boots, they are. What a change from dance pumps!

Looking at those boots when the night's work is done is like walking out of a greenhouse full of sickly hot-house flowers into a field of strong, sturdy-looking flowers.

I get the same feeling of emerging from a cell into daylight when I throw my dance-frock over a chair in the early hours and kick my shoes under the bed.

Mother does not know why I make myself a cup of tea and insist on washing up whatever china I use as soon as I get home. It is because it gives me an excuse to get into a little print overall.

I can smile again when I wear that, no matter how my feet ache. It tempts me to look at myself in the mirror. And then I am always so pleased with the look of myself that I feel I could take my dance-frock downstairs and throw it on the fire that is dying in the sitting-room grate.

Anything to put off going to bed. . . .

Ah, now you will be inclined to misjudge me as you misjudge me in the dance-hall. I am so used to night revelry that I can't go to bed at all, you think. What the modern woman is coming to you really don't know.

I dread bed because it is only another way back into the dance-hall. Five hours saxophoning and drum-drumming nightly, week in, week out, year in, year out, gets too deep into your system to be shaken off in a minute.

Often it seems as if a chorus of saxophones is blaring for no other reason than to keep me awake. Sometimes they seem to circle round my head, playing all the time.

The saxophonists are in the background leering at me, and their faces, as a rule, are the faces of some of the more horrid men I have danced with lately.

Not even when sleep comes is the torment finished.

Blazing white lights suddenly flood down on my bed, the eternal rhythm starts, and dancers twirl and turn over my bed. I can feel the tread - tread of their feet. Somehow it reminds me of the ancient of letting water drip on your forehead.

Rhythm gets into your system like nicotine or alcohol.

They are not real people, the dancers of my night dreams, but that is probably because I live in an unreal world of unreal people.

How can they be flesh-and-blood people to me when I meet them on a cash basis, giving them my services as a dancer for whatever they think fit?

Whether they disappoint me with a shilling or delight me with a pound note—and I have had as much as a whole "fiver" given to me—they are queer, un-understandable, shadow people.

For instance, I must know them and yet not know them.

It is a point of etiquette in my job that, although you dance with a man one night, you must not know him on his next visit unless he acknowledges your presence. His wife may be somewhere on the floor, looking; and he may have told her that he has never visited the place before.

Memory must fade

I was given a sharp reminder of this once.

One night a man gave me what I thought was a folded ten-shilling note. After he had gone I found a pound note inside. The next time he came I went up to him with the pound ready in my palm.

"Do you know that when you were here last——," I began.

"If you will pardon me," he replied coldly, "I have never been here before."

"I am sorry," I mumbled. "My mistake."

Later he came to me and told me to keep the pound. He had found out the mistake on going home that night.

"But although you were right to be

"THERE are bounders, of course." Safe in her knowledge of men and their ways, she submits to those furtive attentions, until—

honest, you were very wrong in recognising me," he said. "If you had been used to the West End you would have known that."

There are some men, of course, who want to drag you across the floor and introduce you to their friends or relatives—even their wives. But that does not necessarily mean anything.

Charm—and kindliness

"Come and meet father," said one young man, bounding up to me on his second visit. So I did. But first he told me not to reveal that he had invited me to go home in his car on his last visit. It was father's car, and the son was not supposed to have used it.

And then father and son together asked me to forget I had seen them there, as the lady who was their wife and mother respectively believed they were on business at Dartford.

Almost without exception they all appear to be charming men whom I meet, even those who have given me "dud" cheques, apologising that they haven't a bean in ready cash. And, incidentally, I have found that a 5s. cheque is always genuine and a £5 usually a "dud."

It is the disinterestedly charming men I like to meet—the men to whom you are as much a woman as their own wives, mothers, sisters and sweethearts.

They may show their disinterested chivalry in quite small ways. For instance, a man who was returning to India the next day, and whom I could not hope to see me again, disappeared on hearing that I had a headache.

He had intended to stay till the end, knowing that it would be years before he could dance in London again.

But an hour before the end I got a little note telling me he had taxied to an all-night druggists to get the headache powders which he enclosed, and that as it wasn't worth while coming back he had gone home.

"Good-bye, and remember a ship that passed in the night," was the last sentence in his letter, which I treasure at home to this day.

There was a man who, after motoring home, sent back his car with the message that I could use it to go home.

"This is no effort to meet you again, because I am happily married," he wrote, "but as we met and danced on equal terms it would be wrong for me to go home by car and for you to trudge through the rain."

The bounder's wiles

There are bounders, of course. And, incidentally, the crooks who come here, and we have many of the highly polished variety pointed out to us, are never bounders.

They are far more gentlemanly than a certain type of middle-aged gentleman.

I refer to the fatherly type whom you know have wives and handfuls of happy daughters at home, but who pretend that they are unhappily married—or bachelors. As if the girl who has grown to understand life cannot tell the difference between a married man and a single one.

Why, even the way they pass you the coffee tells you. It is as if they have been passing coffee to you for fifty years. And yet you sense it rather than notice it.

He-vamps

Not all bounders carry the stamp. I have in mind a Beau Brummel, with matinée-idol features, who rushed up to me ecstatically and uttered almost swooningly the one word "Joan."

I said I was not Joan. He insisted that I was, and that although I was the dearest, prettiest girl in the whole world, the only woman he had ever loved, I was never to go out of his life again. I had been cruel—how cruel only he knew.

I must say he impressed me, until I found he had tried the same trick with another dance hostess, using the name Lydia this time.

Not a bad idea when you think it out. In what other way can you rush up to a woman and insinuate that you are head over heels in love with her without getting a smack? And some women are very much affected by appeals to their vanity.

Yes, there are more ways of "getting off" than by the old-fashioned method of winking.

There is the young man who suddenly reveals that you have a film face, and tells you whisperingly that he is a film magnate, and then proceeds to give you a Garbo part.

One can't treat him as a client. One usually disguises the fact that one is a dance hostess, as I did with the man who called me Joan, and dances with him for nothing.

But, alas and alack! these film magnates are usually men who would be only too glad to get a junior job in Wardour Street.

Somewhere at the end of long trails of broken hearts you will find these bounders.

There are humorous men:

"I've come to blew five pounds I lost at my club and which was found and returned by a waiter," said one of them. "Thank heaven, it wasn't found by a fellow-member."

And mysterious men:

"Please accept this silver cigarette-case," a man said to me. "Another girl would have had it, but I found her out in time. Otherwise she would have been here to-night, using it. As you have taken her place, I would like you to have it."

And lying men:

"You are the most beautiful woman in the world. Darling, I must see you again. I've got my car here."

Perhaps in dismissing all the men we regard as liars we miss Mr. Right—the man who means it. . . .

All of us think that way, for strange as it may seem to you, marriage is the ultimate ambition of every one of us.

"A career as an alternative to marriage"—maybe. But not for us. How can we set out for the dance, where grace and looks and freshness count for so much, when we get older? In ten years time: with luck. In twenty: impossible.

And yet we have no better opportunities of meeting really nice men than the average girl. We certainly have more opportunities of meeting the wrong 'uns.

Men who pass . . .

In the big City office, where there are twenty men interested in her, a girl takes very little risk. Probably any one of them would make a good husband.

But on the dance floor . . . one sees the only man in the world and hesitates, and he is lost.

And so one goes out again and enjoys putting on a little washing-up overall, looks forward to nursing sister's baby in the morning—and then faces the torment of the nightmare dancers.

It wouldn't be so bad if only we were not so misunderstood.

HOME—and happy. For the dance-rock has been flung aside; she's an ordinary homely girl again

. . . . AFTER a generation of fathers has protected its boys against us, the London County Council has decided that we must be protected against the self-same boys. But I don't think either they or we need protecting

. . . . WRITES A . . . . DANCE HOSTESS

Homely Wisdom—by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Dope or Duty?

HERE is a story against myself. JOHN BULL readers can share the joke. The other night I happened to be one of a small company which included a brilliant doctor who was telling us of some of the wonders of medical science.

Among other things he asserted that character and temperament largely depended upon the proper functioning of the various glands in the human body, and he gave as an instance the case of a boy who was an incorrigible thief.

Neither kindness nor punishment could stop this boy from stealing, until a specialist discovered that the bad habit was due to a deficiency of sugar in his organs.

An operation was performed on his thyroid gland, a serum was injected, and—hey, presto!—the boy became honest in a twinkling.

I doubted the truth of the statement, and said so. If the claim were well-founded the wisest thing we could do with smash-and-grab raiders and motor-car bandits, should the police succeed in nabbing them, would be to take them to hospital and give them an injection instead of sending them to penal servitude.

Imagination thrills at the prospect of what might be possible on a still larger scale. We could put an end to the war between China and Japan by insisting that the League of Nations Commission should start peace negotiations by inoculating the generals and politicians on either side with a special anti-war vaccine. We might then proceed to lure the United States Congress into a clinic, turn the Disarmament Conference into a nursing-home, and the War Debts Conference likewise, and get rid of all the world's burdens at a stroke.

When I had got as far as this I turned to the doctor and said: "But you would leave us poor parsons without a job. Serums would take the place of sermons, and the pulpit be replaced by the operating-table."

He gave me a sly look, and then gravely answered: "Oh, no, not at all. When one of these character-changing operations had to be performed you could be on hand to give the gas!"

Smart, I admit; but no more. You cannot short-circuit evil dispositions by using chemicals. Conscience is the gland that needs to have new power poured into it; and a good example will do more for the weak and erring than all the drugs in the world.

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Did you wake up coughing?

DID you wake up this morning with your head "all stopped up"? Did you have to cough and blow your nose before you could breathe really freely? **That is Catarrh.** Slight, perhaps, but with the seeds of danger in it.

The warm, soothing smoke penetrates to remote tubes and recesses.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. Usually it begins with a simple cold in the head. Commencing in the nostrils, it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, the nose, the throat, the lungs and stomach. Thence it spreads its poison through the blood all over the body, sapping the bodily energy and weakening the powers of resistance to disease and germ-spread illnesses.

Fortunately there is one remedy which is not only unfailingly effective in penetrating to every affected part, but is also exceedingly pleasant. It is put up in the form of delicate cigarettes, containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs, but made of aromatic herbs, leaves and flowers. The healing properties of these herbs and flowers are carried by the act of smoking into every nook and cranny of the respiratory system, where they soothe the inflamed tissues and banish all trace of catarrhal trouble in a very short time. This diagram shows clearly how the healing vapours of DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES reach every part that could possibly be affected.

How to know Catarrh.

If you catch one cold after another; if your eyes are inflamed and watery; if there is a huskiness of the voice; if there is a constant discharge from the nose, forming scabs, or the dropping of phlegm into the throat, causing frequent spitting of white, yellowish or greenish mucus with an offensive breath; if there is difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed, or loss of the sense of smell or taste, you may know you have catarrh. If you have catarrh of the throat, you will feel hoarseness, sore throat, weakness of voice, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. Catarrhal deafness brings failure of hearing, noises in the head, ringing, roaring and popping. None of these symptoms should be neglected, because it cannot be too strongly urged that catarrh will spread its ill-effects through the whole of your body.

How to get rid of Catarrh.

As you will realise, Catarrh rapidly becomes so firmly rooted in the inflamed membranes of all the minute passages and channels that the reason is evident why all the so-called remedies fail to shift it or even to relieve it. Sprays and ointments cannot reach more than the outer parts, while such things as pills cannot possibly affect the passages of throat and nose. The only way to effect a remedy is to employ some healing element which can actually reach the parts that are infected.

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HANNEN SWAFFER'S OPEN LETTER to CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Don't Let Them Ruin You!

Remember — you can't be Charlie Chaplin and Mr. Charles Chaplin at the same time!

DEAR CHARLIE,—

They tell me you are suffering from melancholia. I am very sorry to hear it.

They tell me that you are feeling sorry for yourself, hiding away from people.

Why don't you go home to Hollywood and make another picture?

You have so many millions of friends—and they are your friends when they see you upon the screen. Immediately any of your pictures is shown, they forget the stories of your divorce cases, and your peevishness, and the way you are apt to sulk, and all resolve themselves into a happy family party—part of the great human family, in fact, of which you are the darling and the pet.

You have only yourself to blame. Too much money is not good for you.

You would be much happier, I am sure, if you were still earning £3 a week, clowning every night, falling out of a box in "Mumming Birds," throwing custard-pies, sitting down too suddenly, and then feeling hurt, and making faces at the world.

By the lucky chance that you were born in the age when moving pictures were perfected, your £3 a week became such a Golconda that, I am assured, you will make out of "City Lights" something like £800,000.

Yet if you were not temperamental you could make one of these pictures every six months.

* * *

As it is, you moon about, do nothing for two years at a time.

We lose because we do not see as many of your pictures as we should like, and you lose because you get disconsolate and unhappy.

Now Society has dropped you. You were a five-minute craze because you came here, ablaze with glory. Titled nobodies, who wanted to get their names in the papers, rushed after you. Publicity hounds asked you to tea, and invited you to stay to dinner. They made fools of themselves and, in the end, they made a fool of you.

Then came the silly law case—a mere quarrel with a girl stenographer over £100 or so, which should have been settled out of court. Instead of that, you, or someone acting for you, caused her to be asked insulting questions, which had nothing to do with the case.

London was shocked, and, very quietly, you disappeared.

Then you went to St. Moritz, I believe, where you tried to ski and where you danced after dinner.

Now I never hear of you, except just this line: "Charlie has got melancholia."

Well, the best cure for melancholia is hard work.

* * *

Although Hollywood is turning out too many pictures of the scandal type, it lacks your genius, your unrivalled humour, your broad sympathies, your unchallenged supremacy as a clown.

Why don't you go straight home to Hollywood and start your new picture? When it was shown in London, all London would scream with laughter again, and in the unbridled merriment which it would cause, every time it was shown, your fame would be re-established.

We should remember then, when we saw you walking along the streets with your funny boots and your silly little cane, that that is really you; that you are, in yourself, a being out of joint, born in the wrong age perhaps, misunderstood certainly, deeply sensitive, a philosopher in it all, yet sadly out of touch with the world that is tyrannical and cruel

You do not belong to Society. Nor, frankly, does anybody else.

In the great modern world in which you and I have to move, the people who really matter are the people who do the things, not the people with titles, or the people over-burdened with money, or the people who live in night-clubs, or make such vacuous noises at cocktail parties. Don't let them ruin you.

You have tried all these things and you have found out that you do not belong to them. Gandhi knew that when he looked at you. Even Winston Churchill must have known, when, stammeringly, he tried to make a speech about it at your famous supper-party.

* * *

Your real success in London was attained when you made that splendid speech at the Dominion after your picture was shown, when you visited the school where you were a boy—even then, though, you did not keep your promise to go back—and when you used to walk along the streets all alone in search of old friends or seek to renew the places familiar to your boyhood

When you got Ritzy—well, you would have been a much greater success had you put on your comic make-up and walked into a swell drawing-room in Park Lane and been the Charlie Chaplin of the screen, not the one in evening-dress clothes, which nobody recognised and nobody knew.

Besides, you know, when you ask Society people to sup with you, you must ask all of them, or else ask none of them. You do not know how many enemies you make when you are kind to one or two.

* * *

There never was a clown like you and never again will there be a clown like you. You are unique. You are the world's buffoon.

The privilege of the Court jester was that he could sit on the steps of the throne and make fun even of the King. But sometimes the King lost his temper, and then the poor Court jester lost his head.

You cannot have it both ways. Have it your own way—your real way—and go home and make a picture. And, dear Charlie, we shall all laugh with you again.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
St. James's Palace

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—May your eloquent plea for comradeship in industry meet with an immediate response from masters and men throughout the country. The workers, you pointed out, are the backbone of industry; and it is the employers' duty to treat them not as machines, but as friendly co-operators in a common task.

That, sir, was a timely utterance. If it is acted upon, wage-cuts will lose much of their sting, workers will give of their best, and the return of prosperity to Britain will be immensely furthered

JOHN BULL.

Sir BOLTON EYRES-MONSELL,
First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—The whole nation has been shamed by your Department's callous treatment of the M2 widows. The decision to fix the minimum pension at so low a figure as ten shillings and sixpence a week makes it plain that the Admiralty considers life cheaply.

The fatuous explanation that "a childless woman under forty ought easily to be able to get a job"—when there are nearly three million unemployed—is a further insult to the memory of gallant men. Think again, Sir Bolton!

JOHN BULL.

Private WM. G. SPENCER,
R.A.S.C., *Aldershot*

DEAR SPENCER,—What painful war-time memories are evoked by the reason you gave at a recent court-martial for deserting from the Army! You went away, you explained simply, because you "could not get on with the sergeant-major."

Alas! thousands of men before you found it impossible to love their sergeant-major. But, being Britons, they carried on. If they had done as you did and for the same reason we'd have had no army left—except for sergeant-majors. Then we should have had to let America win the war.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. G. MARKHAM,
National Sunday Football Association

DEAR SIR,—Your association has my best wishes in its attempts to organise Sunday Soccer for amateurs on a big scale. Workers who cannot get a game during the rest of the week should not be penalised because of the puritanical views of a minority.

But, frankly, I do not think you will succeed. Just as the Football Association has complacently watched professional Soccer drift to a crisis, so it has always barred the Sunday opening of grounds belonging to its affiliated clubs.

No doubt it will continue to defy public opinion.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. P. COWLEY,
St. Mary's Church, Taunton

DEAR CURATE,—So you do not *think* a Christian girl is justified in wearing silk stockings. There seems reason to doubt the value of your thoughts when you express opinions of this sort.

At any rate, I can guess what your parishioners must think—that a Christian curate is certainly not justified in making such preposterous assertions in public—or private!

JOHN BULL.

GEORGE HENRY BRIDGES,
North Wick, Canvey Island

BRUTE,—For the revolting offence of burying four puppies alive, the Witham magistrates fined you only £5. Yet the R.S.P.C.A. has constant complaints of your ill-treatment of dogs, and you have been previously convicted of cruelty to horses.

Now you have moved to Canvey Island. You ought to have gone to Devil's Island.

JOHN BULL.

SIR BEN TURNER, Batley: Next month you celebrate jubilee in trade union work. You were always a bonnie fighter, and this is record to be proud of. Here's good health t'ye!—JOHN BULL.

LESLIE HANSLOW,
Harrogate

DEAR YOUNG MAN,—When it was recently proposed to send you to a Borstal institution for three years, a local draper, Mr. Thomas, declared that he had found you a trustworthy and satisfactory employee.

His fine gesture in offering to keep you in his employ gives you a splendid chance to make good: I urge you to make the utmost of this opportunity.

One day you will realise what you owe to him.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. ELIZABETH LEWIS,
Penypark, Cardigan

DEAR MRS. LEWIS,—My admiration for a wonderful woman impels me to write you this letter. On your hundredth birthday you recited eight verses of poetry, which you had learned as a child, without missing a word.

In honour of you I paraphrase Christina Rossetti:

O, roses for the flush of youth,
And laurel for the perfect prime;
But rosemary should be for you
Who canst remember rhyme.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. WM. ELGOOD,
Heaton Road, Tooting, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—Out of employment, your wife dead, no money in the house and a three-weeks-old baby to care for, I can well understand the anguish you must have felt at the inquest on your wife at Mitcham.

And your plea that she should not be buried in a pauper's grave must have impressed all who heard it. No wonder the coroner was deeply moved by your appeal and assisted you as far as he could.

You have my sympathy. Circumstances have been against you, but I hope that the publicity given to your case will bring you happier days.

JOHN BULL.

AL BROWN, World Flyweight Champion: So you intend travel from America just to fulfil promise to box in aid of Cardiff Infirmary. What a great little fellow you are!—JOHN BULL.

Ryders SEEDS

One of our old customers on looking at a bed of flowers raised from one of our 2d. packets exclaimed—

"Heaven for Twopence"

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Almost everything from Orchids to Mustard and Cress in 2d. packets.

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INTERNAL & EXTERNAL

ABSCESSES!

STUBBORN CASE YIELDS TO VITADATIO

Mrs. PRICE, 43, Burton Road, Carlton, Notts., writes: "I was rushed to hospital, and an immediate operation decided on. After 12 weeks of torture a large Internal Abscess formed where I had my operation, and later a huge External Abscess formed on the Pelvis. After weeks in hospital I was sent out. I was then advised to try Vitadatio, and soon noticed the discharge getting thinner, and after persevering with it I am completely cured."

Vitadatio

Invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply, for Export only, post free from V167

VITADATIO, No. 121, Armley, Leeds.

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Cherry Blossom Boot Polish Hysterical: No. 6. Richard (Coeur de Lion) A.D. 1189-1199.

Blondel: "That's him—that's Richard. I know the royal shoes with their Cherry Blossom Boot Polish shine just as well as I know his voice."

Travelling through Europe, Richard was imprisoned by Emperor Henry VI. of Germany. There is a story of a minstrel named Blondel, whose love for Richard induced him to travel through Germany to discover the place of his master's confinement. Playing under the walls of every Castle on his journey, he was at last rewarded by the sound of Richard's voice singing in accompaniment to his music. Richard was subsequently released on payment of a heavy ransom.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

In Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan and Tonette. Tins fitted with easy openers, 2½d., 4½d., 6d.

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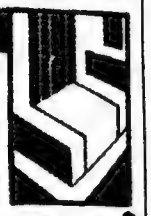

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IT MUSTN'T BE 1914 AGAIN!

The World Disarmament Conference—Humanity's only shield against the thrust of war. Will it be pierced?

by **A. G. GARDINER**

FOR weeks past we have been trembling on the brink of another World War. The situation in the Far East is essentially the same as that of June-July, 1914. A shot fired in Serajevo then set the world in a blaze for four years, and to-day, eighteen years afterwards, every nation under the sun is still floundering in the wreckage of that vast conflagration.

Not one person in a thousand on that June day when the Archduke Ferdinand fell dead in the streets of Serajevo supposed that the matter had any concern for him. It was only another incident in the eternal Balkan squabble.

What did it matter to us whether the Serbian pigs were shut out by Austrian tariffs? We were so busy with our own domestic rebellion in Ulster that we did not give the incident a second thought.

But the match had been lit and the train fired, and in six weeks the world was engulfed in war.

Dangerous tension

In the same way, when Japan sent a punitive expedition to Manchuria last autumn, it seemed a matter of small account in the midst of so many more urgent troubles. Manchuria was hardly better known than Serajevo, and a local dispute there seemed to have no relation to the peace of the world.

Yet the match had been struck, the train was fired, and once more the world was threatened with a catastrophe as devastating as that of 1914.

The whole world is a powder-magazine, and the train fired in one place, however remote, has its repercussions to the ends of the earth.

It is not that anybody wants war. It is that we all live in the dread of war. And the dread of war makes everybody prepare to meet it.

If by the intervention of some miraculous power we could all simultaneously scrap our armaments and substitute the rule of law for the rule of war, we know that the world would get well to-morrow.

It is perishing from fear and the burden of fear. It cannot settle down to its business, for it does not know what the morrow will bring forth, and without confidence in the future the humane activities of civilisation cannot go forward.

Never has the world lived in such a state of nervous tension as that which afflicts it to-day. It is greater, far greater, even than that of 1914. Then we had not experienced and could not conceive what a World War would be like. To-day we know, and the knowledge adds to the terror.

Then, too, the nature of the clash when it came was known to us. We knew who would be against whom and for what we should fight. But in the chaos and disintegration of to-day no one can forecast where the blow will be struck, for what it will be struck, or who will be friends and who foes. All that we know is that we shall all be plunged into the vortex.

This is the very bankruptcy of civilisation. If we are to escape the consequences, we must understand the causes of the bankruptcy before it is too late to cure them.

Versailles' treason

The outstanding cause, of course, is that monumental crime which goes by the name of the Peace of Versailles.

When the war was over the makers of the Peace had an incomparable opportunity of destroying militarism and rebuilding Europe on a peace foundation. They had defeated and disarmed Germany, and if they had exercised the moderation which Wellington insisted on after he had defeated Napoleon, they could have killed militarism beyond the hope of resurrection.

If they had done that, Europe would have been reconciled and reborn. It would have recovered its moral and material leadership of the world, and by that very fact would have made such a challenge as that of Japan at Shanghai impossible.

But they did not do that. They answered one crime with a greater. They did not bring peace but a sword. They disarmed Germany and then ringed her round with bayonets.

They did not abolish armaments for themselves. They intensified them. Last year the world spent nearly a thousand millions of money on armies, navies and war material alone. It is that burden under which civilisation is sinking.

And having enclosed Germany in a prison from which she was never to escape, the Peace criminals imposed on her financial penalties which they knew she could not pay. In short, the object of the Peace was not to reconcile Europe. It was to make Germany a prisoner and a bankrupt to the day of doom.

What is the result?

Europe has gone to bits under this monstrous folly. A new militarism more formidable than anything the world has ever seen has replaced the old.

The finance of the world has been wrecked and economic ruin has spread over the whole earth. Confidence is dead and fear paralyses all initiative. The silliest nationalism is destroying commerce, and every country is perishing behind its own ridiculous tariff walls

The prestige of Europe is gone, and Japan snaps her fingers at a Continent which she has ceased either to respect or fear. And all round the powder-magazines are waiting for the next explosion. These are the fruits of the Peace of Versailles.

The truth is that the World War has never ended. It has only changed its character. If the world is ever going to be fit for civilised habitation again the "Peace with a Vengeance" must be reversed.

Europe must be reconciled, and Germany must be brought into equal partnership again. Lincoln said of America, "This nation cannot endure half slave and half free." And that declaration sounded the doom of slavery and saved the Union.

The red light

It is true of Europe to-day that it cannot endure half armed and half disarmed. It cannot permanently denounce war in its covenants and organise war in its budgets.

It has done that for thirteen years and has brought disaster to human society. If that disaster is not to issue in the destruction of civilisation, no time must be lost.

The tragedy in the Far East is a warning of how short the time is. And the Disarmament Conference is the instrument by which that time must be turned to account.

The Conference has the fate of humanity in its hands. It must reverse the policy of Versailles, not by permitting Germany to re-arm, but by calling on all nations to disarm.

And all nations will rejoice. For the alternative before the world is Disarmament or World War—Peace or the Downfall of the White Civilisation.

Not from the B.B.C.—H. G. Wells Provides a Vision of Westminster under—

The Autocracy of Mr. Buncombe

WRITE, write, write—
I've been at the game for years!
Write, write, write—
Few are my liter'ry peers!
I've written an Outline of History,
Utopias by the score
With a twist of the pen can I create;
I tidy things up at a breakneck rate,
And my readers read me with minds elate,
And hungrily ask for more.

Wrong, wrong, wrong—
Wherever I turn I see
Things all wrong.
For they haven't consulted me!
My thoughts on the League of Nations
Have sparkled like polished gems;
And, having a little time to spare,
And a new assortment of views to air,
You are now invited my dream to share
Of Utopia-on-the-Thames!

I freely admit that I've a passion for tidying up things. So it is not surprising that in my new *magnum opus*, "The Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind," I turn my attention to Parliament.

Many people have for long cherished a suspicion that the House of Commons is not an entirely perfect institution; but it has remained for me to discover why this is true.

It is all because Parliament does not come within the scope of its own factory legislation. The Westminster gas factory is a thoroughly inefficient and insanitary building, in which foul air from the Thames mingles with the hot air supplied by the inmates.

It is unreasonable to expect that high-grade legislative goods will be produced in such conditions. It is, in fact, high time that the present Houses of Parliament were condemned as unfit for habitation by human beings or M.P.s.

Probably my ideas for reform will not be popular with taxpayers, but I am reconciled to being a Wells of loneliness in this respect.

What I desire is a sound structure equipped "with every possible convenience," among which might be included a refrigerating chamber for hot heads and a commodious mausoleum for slaughtered innocents and disused pledges.

Every M.P., I maintain, should have "at least one private room, well lit and fitted with a telephone, special information and news tickers, properly encased in sound-proof covers," and stenographers and dactylographers should be "swiftly available."

Of course, all this would add something to the income-tax, but—

Why worry over details? Simply leave the job to me,
And I will guarantee to please the crustiest M.P.
I'd build a lordly palace with a bar on every floor,
And in the vaults below the choicest vintages I'd store.
With beauteous stenographers the building would abound.
To take down correspondence—or to hand the drinks around.
No possible convenience M.P.s would be denied.
With comfort and efficiency consistently allied;
For the nation would be wiser (though, admittedly, not wealthier)
If honourable members were both happier and healthier.

Meanwhile it's been suggested that the nation's special grouse
Is directed 'gainst the inmates rather than against the House.
"More important than the stable are the horses," someone writes;
"And when *I* dream a dream of new Utopian delights
It's not round silent tickers my imagination hovers—
But o'er honourable Members all 'encased in sound-proof covers'!"

NOW YOU CAN BANISH YOUR CATARRH and HEAD NOISES

I WILL TELL YOU HOW—FREE

You can now BANISH your Catarrh and once more ENJOY NORMAL HEALTH, not only for a day, a week, a month, or a year, BUT FOR ALL TIME.

However LONG you've suffered, I say YOU CAN STOP YOUR CATARRH suffering. Sounds TOO GOOD to be true, does it? Well, it IS true! I KNOW it! I've PROVED it! And I'll prove it to YOU, free of cost, NOW!

Never mind what you've tried, or how many times you've been DISAPPOINTED. I know you've not yet used the RIGHT METHOD, and I want you to use it NOW—WITHOUT RISKING ONE PENNY.

It's a new way—different—successful. Puts an end to HEAD NOISES, nausea, dizziness, nose-blowing—and CATARRHAL HEADACHES. NASAL SWELLING is reduced. The THROAT is strengthened.

The NOSTRILS are cleansed of mucus. The inflamed MEMBRANES are soothed and healed. SNEEZING stops. Discharges are arrested. Catarrhal DEAFNESS is corrected. The SYSTEM is rejuvenated. AND IT IS PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO BE AGAIN TROUBLED WITH CATARRH IN ANY FORM.

The demons of disease are scattered by every sneeze.

I Will Show You How To Banish YOUR Catarrh and Head Noises

Nasal Catarrh DOES NOT begin and end in the nose. It is right through the system. Nasal Catarrh commences in the COLON, and lowers the resistance of the body. Thus germ invaders are permitted to remain in the nasal cavities and MULTIPLY. Result, closed nostrils and mouth breathing. Germs breed in throat and ears, causing throat trouble and head noises. Germ-infected mucus from the head and throat is swallowed WHILE ASLEEP. This causes INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN and CONSTIPATION. Prior to the important discovery that CATARRH commences in the colon, it was thought that by using douches, sprays, atomisers, etc., to treat the NOSE and THROAT, the trouble would disappear. YOU HAVE USED THESE METHODS AND STILL HAVE CATARRH. Every remedy based on the wrong idea that Catarrh is confined to the nasal cavities is a FAILURE and now you know WHY.

No matter how slight your Catarrh may be at present, I earnestly urge you to take it seriously. As sure as you live some day you'll be sorry for yourself if you don't get Catarrh out of your system NOW while you have the chance. It is an INSIDIOUS complaint that gradually grows worse. Neglected, it is POSITIVELY DANGEROUS, for it leads to incurable diseases, including the dreaded CONSUMPTION. I repeat—you can be PERMANENTLY FREE FROM CATARRH. Sign the coupon and I'LL PROVE IT AT MY OWN EXPENSE. DON'T PUT IT OFF. Don't allow prejudice or scepticism to rob you of your rights. You are entitled to this information. NOW GET IT. There's NO RISK—NO OBLIGATION. The proof is solid and substantial. Don't waste any more time or money on worthless nostrums, but post the coupon and learn HOW you can get rid of Catarrh—not merely for the time being, but PERMANENTLY. Send no money—just the COUPON. Be sure to fill in your name and address and POST IT TO-DAY.

If you care to enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage I shall feel obliged, but even this is not compulsory.

Allan Cooper

33, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Have You Catarrh?

Does your nose feel stuffed up?
Does mucus drop into your throat?
Have you noises in the head?
Is your hearing failing?
Do you catch cold easily?
Is your breath offensive?
Do you cough up phlegm?
Is your throat sore?
Is there a tickling in your throat?
Is your memory poor?
Do you get tired quickly?

CLOGGED NOSTRILS—DEAFNESS AND GENERAL LASSITUDE DUE TO A CATARRHAL CONDITION CORRECTED BY NEW METHOD

This New Method Banishes Catarrh by Increasing the Resisting Powers of the Body

SIGN AND POST THE COUPON BEFORE YOU FORGET

DONT SEND ONE PENNY

SIGN and POST THIS COUPON

Mr. ALLAN COOPER, 33, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

At your own expense and without obligation, kindly tell me how I can permanently rid myself of Catarrh.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Please print in BLOCK letters.) J.B. 27/2/32.

Grand National Sweep EXPOSED

by MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

I ADVISED readers some time ago not to indulge in any sweepstake that was not conducted in accordance with the law, and I added that, personally, I knew of none.

On that occasion I was dealing with a huge draw run in the name of the Brighton County Club. A prosecution followed and a fine was duly imposed, though a hopelessly lenient one in view of the audacity of the promoters.

I am satisfied that this leniency has encouraged the promotion of yet another huge sweepstake which, curiously enough, is also being conducted from Brighton, this time in the name of the Southern Gliders' Social Club, of Montpelier Road.

Books of tickets are being sent out indiscriminately to every corner of the British Isles.

Enquiries have already reached me from Harwich, Hull, Manchester, Derby, Seaton, Norwich, Southampton, Birmingham, Great Yarmouth, Maida Vale (London), Gloucester, North Shields, Nottingham, Paignton, Newquay, and countless other places.

Far-flung net

Letters are still pouring in by every post, and it is apparent that even the remote parts of Wales, Scotland, Ireland, the Isle of Man, Anglesey and the Isle of Wight have been most extensively circularised.

I should estimate that tickets to the value of £50 or more have actually been forwarded on to me by puzzled readers, so some prompt words of comment are called for.

To begin with I would stress the fact that all these thousands of books of tickets are being sent out unsolicited to people too far away to have any interest in a Brighton gliding club.

The promoters must know that countless books must thus fall into the hands of people who may be liable to sell the tickets and keep the money. In fact, the success of such a widespread scheme depends on the integrity of tens of thousands of strangers.

The stationery used is of good quality; the printing is good. Circulars are specially perforated, too, to enable subscribers to return remittances with a minimum of trouble. Everything is sent out in stout manilla envelopes bearing three-halfpenny stamps.

I mention these facts as evidence of a colossal initial expenditure on the part of the organisers.

Sir Wyndham has kept his eye on that pretentious club, which actually occupies only one room in a back street

Prizes are offered amounting to £2,500, so at least 50,000 of the shilling tickets must be sold to provide this, quite apart from reimbursing the organisers and allowing them the profit they naturally expect.

One very objectionable feature is the absence of the names of any committee. Nor is there any mention of the bankers for the scheme or even any indication that the prize money will be held in trust by responsible officials.

In the same way I look in vain for any statement regarding the size, constitution or membership of the club.

After all these obvious objections it is disquieting indeed to find that all money has to be sent, not even to the club, but to a Mr. G. R. Colman.

Why should the funds of a club sweepstake go to an individual who is only *acting* as honorary secretary for the purposes of this fund?

Why not a special banking account named, say, "Southern Gliding Social Club, National Sweepstake Ac."?

Is it because the anonymous club committee knows that the whole scheme is illegal and must inevitably be the subject of a prosecution?

Club premises

And what of the club? Far from being the kind of organisation that might be justified in making a nation-wide appeal for support, it is housed in a single room at the back of a boarding establishment.

That it is badly in need of funds I have no doubt, for creditors have lately had difficulty, I find, in securing payment for goods supplied.

This fact naturally makes me wonder where the money came from to finance this gigantic scheme. Who are the financiers in the background? Whom does Mr. Colman really represent if he is only the acting secretary of the club for the purposes of this draw?

These are points which certainly require illumination. Will the committee emerge from its retirement and offer some explanation?

Burning queries

Has it merely lent its name and address, on a percentage basis, to one of the highly organised groups which thrive by conducting this kind of sweepstake?

I note that the postmark on some of the envelopes in which tickets are being sent out is not the Brighton mark, but that of a certain London district from which tickets for lotteries of a similar nature have been distributed.

A strange coincidence this, and one which I commend to the notice of the authorities, together with the hint that the literature is in many respects similar.

My own opinion is that people who receive circulars of the kind I have described should support the law and hand them over to their local police.

One final word. I note that subscribers are urged to send in all moneys to Mr Colman by March 14. But I sincerely hope that drastic official action will be taken long before then.

RUNAWAY LOVER'S £400 HAUL

A WAR widow, who lost her husband in 1917, has been callously victimised by a man named Harold Davies, whose present whereabouts is unknown.

She made his acquaintance when she was managing a restaurant in York and he was employed with a local firm of painters and decorators.

It was not long before Davies, pleading loneliness and lack of sympathetic understanding, tried all means to win her affection and esteem.

His persistent attentions ended in a proposal of marriage, which was accepted after due consideration.

He painted a rosy vision of future happiness, in which he should open his own business, while his wife assisted in her capacity as an efficient organiser.

The first step was to buy a car; but Davies confessed that he, unfortunately, had no cash.

After considerable persuasion, the widow, who, during a life of industry and thrift, had accumulated a sum of £400, advanced him £60.

This only served to whet his appetite, and from that date he commenced to make unceasing demands for loans.

His letters, couched in terms of sickening hypocrisy, make constant reference to his unhappiness and loneliness, to his financial difficulties, and to the hardship of his lot.

* * *

His cars—which were exchanged three times—were always needing repairs and renewals, his creditors were always pressing, his financial operations always dogged by misfortune.

His persistent appeals have been so successful that to-day the widow has barely £60 of her savings intact.

Even when her health broke down, and she underwent a series of operations at various hospitals, Davies continued to pester her with frenzied appeals for assistance.

He always backed up his demands with the assurance that the money was being wisely expended for their mutual benefit, partly upon expanding his business and partly towards providing a home.

Having received no less than £63 during two successive months, Davies confessed that the car instalments, which his benefactress had imagined paid up to date, were in arrears.

A sum of £45 was still owing on the car, together with £5 4s. for garage fees.

"Send the money at once," he wrote, "but, whatever you do, don't worry yourself about it."

Before she finally consented, however, she extracted from him a verbal promise that he would repay the total loan, which now amounted to £399 4s., at the rate of £2 a week.

Davies has never repaid a single penny. Owing to her illness, the widow was forced to give up her work and find shelter with her parents at Birmingham, living upon her pension.

Nothing more substantial than excuses and further promises resulted from her repeated requests for the return of her money.

Then Davies suddenly presented himself at her parents' home in Birmingham. He stayed two nights, and, saying that he had to return to York, borrowed £1 for petrol and personal expenses.

* * *

The next news of Mr. Davies came from the police authorities at Newport, Montgomery, where he left the motor-car, the instalments on which, despite the last loan of £58, were still unpaid.

From this moment the movements of this resourceful scoundrel are enveloped in mystery. His employers in York state that he disappeared quite suddenly, and are anxious, for reasons of their own, to trace his present whereabouts.

YOUR £20,000?

There is no time to lose if you want £20,000 for sixpence.

The opportunity of winning this enormous sum is slipping fast. In a very short while the Great Contest to Help the Hospitals will close. If you do not enter to-day, maybe you will forget to-morrow and regret for ever after.

Turn to page 40 at once. Fill in and send your Entry to-day.

BIGGER · BRIGHTER · BETTER!

Arrived! The Bigger-Better-Brighter "Picture-goer" with a brilliant three-colour cover. The production which will set eyes aflame and tongues wagging! Something never attempted before—gloriously alive, original, magnificently modern! Confessions by that "Wicked Gold-Digging Blonde," Mary Nolan—Full-page portraits as intimate as a "close up"—Splashes of colour to delight the eye. A Free 1/- Gift offered in every copy. . . . Never has 2d. bought so much splendour in a film magazine before. Although marvellously improved and greatly enlarged, there is no increase in price. Get your copy to-day. Twopence as usual

Look out for this beautiful three-colour cover everywhere to-day.

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A 1/- GIFT OFFERED FREE TO EVERY READER. Four lovely real photos of film stars, postcard size in a Golden Wallet.

Out Today!

THE NEW

PICTUREGOER

ALL PHOTOGRAVURE • GREATLY ENLARGED • TWOPENCE WEEKLY

HER CHILD CONDEMNED—

Mother's TERRIBLE MARTYRDOM

ARE parents aware that any child in Britain to-day who is slightly backward in school studies, whatever the cause, is liable to be put away as a mental defective?

And do they realise that a child branded as a mental defective is, by the law of the country, in a far worse plight than a lunatic?

It is possible for a lunatic to get freedom by his own initiative or the intervention of relatives or friends. In the case of children certified as mentally deficient, however, the authorities can, and do, keep them prisoners for life.

The process begins by the medical bureaucracy, which has grown up around our educational system, ordering boys and girls to be sent to so-called special schools until they reach the age of sixteen.

Then, or even earlier, they pass into institutions which are in all respects asylums, and from which no one can legally demand their release.

The extraordinary lengths to which this new and fierce bureaucracy of doctors will go to get fresh captives is made startlingly clear in the case of little George Hibbitt, of Playford Road, Finsbury Park, London.

Great little chap

George, who is twelve, is a bright and attractive child with rich auburn hair and fine physique.

He plays football and cricket, is a proficient swimmer and water-polo player, has unusual mechanical aptitude, and excels in games of skill and concentration such as chess and draughts.

At school the boy has done well in all subjects except reading. In this alone he has not been able to keep pace with his fellows in consequence of the fact that until the age of eight he suffered from recurrent bronchitis, and, for frequent periods, was absent from his classes.

Lately, however, he has made rapid progress in this respect.

But the medical mandarins of the London County Council learned from the school reports which they so thoroughly digest that George Hibbitt could not read fast and fluently.

They, like the rest of the army of mental inspectors which has been formed throughout the country, are ever on the alert for cases of the kind. For they help to supply recruits for the asylums and similar establishments where employment is provided for a horde of doctors and major and minor administrators.

In due course George's mother was ordered, under a threat of conviction and heavy fine if she refused, to take the boy to an institution for examination.

She was appalled to find that the place to which she went with her son was populated by young imbeciles.

A doctor fired a series of questions at George. The boy was asked what difference there is between glass and wood, what he would do if another boy hit him, and what he would do if he broke another boy's bat while playing cricket.

Next day the mother was informed that her child had been certified as a mental defective because he could not read well, although his other attainments were satisfactory.

Then she was served with an order to place the boy in the institution for feeble-minded and imbecile children, where he had been tested.

Test humbug

We have before us the reports upon which the child was branded as mentally deficient, or which were made at subsequent examinations. The following are extracts from them:

Failure to connect written symbols with sounds and meanings.

Congenital word-blindness.

His responses depend on the degree of visual imagery involved, especially verbal imagery.

He is more practically than verbally minded in the auditory as well as in the visual field.

His defect is due to a local cortical aphasia in the region of the angular gyrus.

George is a healthy, sturdy youngster. He must be saved from the child-snatchers of officialdom. His mother must be protected against its ghastly persecution

All this high-falutin humbug, for the compilation of which the ratepayers and taxpayers have to pay, simply means, when translated into simple English, that little George Hibbitt is somewhat slow and backward in reading.

Yet on the strength of such nonsense he was condemned as a mental defective.

His mother knew the fate of children who are certified. Sooner or later, when the lunacy authorities had tightened their grip upon her boy, he would be put behind walls which might imprison him for ever.

She refused to surrender the child.

First, however, she had him independently examined by the family doctor and then by mental specialists on the staff of the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases.

All of them gave certificates that the boy was not a mental defective.

Soon Mrs. Hibbitt was haled before the court for daring to refuse to recognise her son as a defective and to give him up to the authorities.

Bitter fight

She then found how formidable and costly is the task of fighting the might of an organisation like the London County Council.

The Hibbitts are an ordinary working-class family, but they have for long been experiencing hard times in consequence of the breadwinner being unemployed after an accident.

It became obvious that if George was to be saved from the clutches of the body-snatching authorities, legal help would have to be engaged and expert witnesses called and paid for.

Mrs. Hibbitt sold or pawned her household goods and linen to meet the first costs of a lawyer and mental specialists.

The case was adjourned a number of times, and on each occasion more money was required.

No sacrifice was too great for the mother and her family to resist the power and force of officialdom.

She sold her husband's clothing and her own She went out as a charwoman night and day, scrubbing offices and doorsteps. The family went short of food for weeks to find money for the fight.

Even all this was not enough. More funds had to be found and Mrs. Hibbitt was compelled to borrow at high interest. She is likely to be long burdened with the debt.

Persecuted

In the end the mother won—partly.

The magistrates, whom we applaud, refused to convict her and ordered the boy to return to his original school. He is now making fine progress there.

Bureaucracy, however, does not submit easily even to the decision of the courts.

Ever since the magistrates found in her favour, the white-haired and gallant mother has had to dance attendance upon and has been savagely browbeaten by outraged officials.

To show that they have the whip-hand they exploit every opportunity to demonstrate to Mrs. Hibbitt that her boy is still officially and legally a mental defective.

Their persecution became so intense that a few days ago the poor mother, who has had three nervous collapses under the strain, applied to the court to have the child declared mentally sound.

But the magistrates were impotent. Only the authority which certified the boy can revoke its decision and it refused to do so.

Until officials relent, George Hibbitt will go through life as a mental defective and always be at their mercy.

We call upon the Board of Education to end this outrage by ordering the London County Council to remove the stigma from this healthy boy and to compensate the frail and impoverished mother for her sacrifices in resisting the assaults of its officials.

Parliament, too, must soon consider the amendment of the amazing laws which make it possible for a child, who is slow in reading, to be so terribly vilified and condemned.

CAUGHT *by the* BIRD-CROOK!

SOME crooks live by strange methods and will go to extraordinary lengths to avoid honest toil; but the tactics adopted by a woman calling herself Mrs. W. Little are unique.

She was in Norwich recently and, taking quarters near the market, announced that she was an authority on singing birds and had extensive aviaries in Lordship Lane, Wood Green, London.

Within a few days of her arrival miscellaneous consignments of cage-birds were delivered at her new premises. Canaries, love-birds and parrakeets of all types reached her from all parts of the country and were promptly disposed of in Norwich market.

A *fancy fancier*

Mrs. Little had no difficulty in finding purchasers. One local bird fancier acquired the bulk of her stock in one deal, believing that he was doing a good thing in trading with this charming expert from London.

But after she had left the town enquiries came pouring in from the original owners of the various birds, which had been sent to Mrs. Little in response to advertisements in trade papers

Investigation reveals that Mrs. W. Little is not a bird fancier at all and has no right to use the London address which she always furnishes as being her "headquarters."

Victims everywhere

In recent weeks she has moved from town to town, remaining in each locality just long enough to collect birds for which she has advertised. Stock sent to her carriage paid by unsuspecting breeders is sold immediately and Mrs. Little takes to the road once more.

Names in which she has operated include R Bowers, E. Shaw and J. Mason, while breeders and dealers who have been victimised by her are to be found in all parts of the country.

All bird fanciers should place this woman on their black list, and we hope that advertisement managers will endeavour to exclude her announcements from their columns.

YOUR PEACE POSTER

The splendid poster symbolising "Peace," specially designed by Frank Brangwyn, R.A., is carrying its beautiful message into every home and workshop throughout the country.

JOHN BULL readers can obtain copies, 2d. each plus 1d. postage, from "Peace Poster," 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Free YOUR CHOICE OF THESE WONDERFUL GIFTS

"RIVERSIDE" PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE.
Gift No. 35. A beautiful-toned machine, strong and handsome; made by a well-known British manufacturer. Covered in black, blue or red lizard skin leatherette, with corner protectors. Internal horn, plush-covered 10-in. turntable, nickel handle and fittings, record carrier in lid, safety clasps. Guaranteed 2 years.
750 COUPONS
(125 packets of 20)

GENT'S WRIST WATCH.
Gift No. 27. Rolled gold 3-piece case, silvered dial, 15-jewel lever movement, nickel balance, flat hairspring. Fashionable shape.
600 COUPONS
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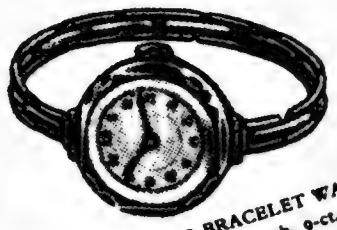
8-DAY OAK CLOCK.
Gift No. 197. The very clock for the modern home. It has a beautifully proportioned oak case fitted with accurate 8-day movement. Exceptional coupon value.
475 COUPONS
(80 packets of 20)



LADY'S SOLID GOLD BRACELET WATCH.
Gift No. 30. Beautiful little watch, 9-ct. hall-marked solid gold, British-made case, 15-jewel lever movement. Wonderful coupon value. 9-ct. gold watch on moire silk band.
850 COUPONS *(142 packets of 20)*
Note. Watch with 9 ct. Gold Bracelet 1150 coupons

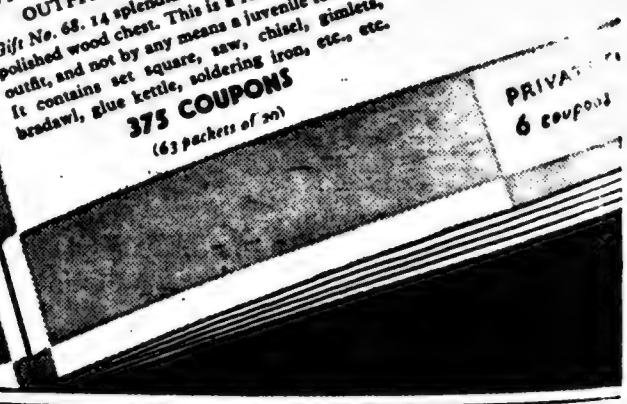
Gift No. 5. SILK STOCKINGS.
Made on finest gauge machines, latest ankle-slimming heel, specially reinforced toes and heels to ensure hard wear. All colours available.
Pure Silk **150 COUPONS** *(25 packets of 20)*
Artificial Silk (Courtauld's Dulesco Yarn)
75 COUPONS *(13 packets of 20)*

SAW-EDGED BREAD KNIFE.
Gift No. 67. 8-in. stainless steel, mirror-polished blade, with the new pattern saw edge. Will cut new bread into the thinnest possible slices. Also invaluable for slicing tomatoes, etc., and cuts cold meat perfectly.
65 COUPONS
(11 packets of 20)

ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER.
Gift No. 173. A most efficient and convenient cleaner fitted with powerful electric suction and complete with 6 yards of flex, plug, long flexible sweeper tube and well finished bag-holder on runners. 4 different fittings are provided: 2 brushes, 2 nozzles.
2000 COUPONS
(334 packets of 20)

ELECTRIC IRON.
Gift No. 39. Guaranteed 2 years. Right weight, convenient pattern, last for years. 2 voltages, 220 and 240.
250 COUPONS
(42 packets of 20)

HOUSEHOLDER'S UTILITY TOOL OUTFIT.
Gift No. 68. 14 splendid tools packed in strong, polished wood chest. This is a real handyman's outfit, and not by any means a juvenile tool set. It contains set square, saw, chisel, gimlets, bradawl, glue kettle, soldering iron, etc., etc.
375 COUPONS
(63 packets of 20)



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"I saw my first wife in full evening dress . . . and our son making their way to the stalls"

I am an Alimony Slave

by A DIVORCED HUSBAND

IT took exactly three and a half minutes to sentence me to servitude for life, a sentence harsher than any under the penal code, because there good behaviour, a proper regard for necessary if rigorous discipline, will bring in their train remission-marks, a reduction of the actual number of years to be served.

Not so in my case. No matter how well I behave, no matter how I bend my neck to the yoke and pull with all my might, not by one day—*or even one hour*—can I earn even one good-conduct mark that shall bring me the blessed relief of a shortened sentence.

No . . . I am sentenced *for life*, or, rather, for *two* lives.

That sounds strange? Then let me explain. I am one of the army of men who are sentenced for the term of their natural lives—or the lives of their first wives—to pay alimony.

The circumstances of my own divorce case were simple. The case was undefended. As I have stated, it occupied the learned judge exactly three and a half minutes. But in that space of time I also received the world's worst sentence.

Lonely years, then—

When my divorce went through, I was earning £500 a year. The law decreed that £300 a year of that salary should go to my first wife and the children of that marriage.

Do not fall into the belief that I had been married for many years—eleven was the sum total—and of that nearly five had been passed in the Army. My first wife, too, was but thirty-two years of age, never better in health, and from a stock noted for longevity.

For ten years, week by week, month by month, I have sent off £6 a week to her. Week by week I have had perhaps four lines in reply as a kind of receipt.

Soon after the decree was made absolute she moved to another part of London—a much better address than to-day I can afford to use.

For four years I was alone.

Then I met and fell deeply in love with a girl ten years my junior. She was the manageress of a restaurant. I found that she returned the affection I felt for her, and one day I told her my story.

When I explained that, despite my reasonably good salary, I was really only earning, so far as she and I would be concerned, a matter of £4 a week, she smiled. "I've got my job," she said. "I've always lived carefully, and I've saved too."

So we were married, and for a time we were ideally happy. We were so happy that even when one night she whispered to me that soon there would be a little stranger coming to stay with us, I rejoiced.

But the ruthless giant Alimony had only been sitting back, waiting for his opportunity. Now was his chance to strike—and strike he did.

Soon it was impossible for my wife to go to her business, and then we began to feel the pinch. Four pounds a week, when 30s. a week has to go on

45,000 men, it is calculated, are to-day paying £6,000,000 in alimony or maintenance to divorced or separated wives.

rent and rates and 6s. on fares, does not leave a wide margin.

I took to a glass of beer for my lunch—a glass taken at a bar where I knew they always kept a handy basket of biscuits and chunks of cheese on the counter. When I hoped no one was looking, I'd reach for a couple of biscuits—maybe three—and some cheese.

When I reached home at night, my wife would have managed some hot dish for me. And many is the time I have suspected that to get it she herself has gone without.

We had been in the habit of going to the kinema once a week, and, as a very special treat, to an occasional theatre—pit stalls if we were lucky.

But with my wife's income gone and the child expected, we knew that we daren't be extrayagant by even so much as a sixpence.

I looked about me for some chance to make a little money in my spare time. But, despite every effort, I could find nothing at all. I was so desperate that I would willingly have secured temporary night engagements as a waiter; but my wife's health was now very poor, and she hated to be left alone.

Now another blow fell. A week before the time of her *accouchement*, the doctor told me that the case promised to be a very difficult one. "I should advise you, if you value her chance of pulling through," he said gravely, "that she should go into a nursing home almost immediately."

My divorce had run away with every penny of my savings, and I was in despair.

I said nothing to my wife, but I sat down and wrote to my first wife, begging her to let me send £4 a week for three months, so that the other £2 might go towards the nursing-home fees. I begged her to remember that for more than six years I had never been even a day late in sending to her.

For answer—a sneer

Two days later I got her reply. She regretted that I was in trouble, but, of course, as I had chosen to marry again, that was not her affair. She certainly could not do without the £2.

She did not want to make things hard for me, but she would remind me that her lawyers had told her that an order of the High Court took precedence of any other debt.

Think of that! Can you imagine my state of mind?

My second wife guessed how desperately worried I was, and next day she said to me, "Don't forget I have £100 of my own saved up. It'll come in handy now, so don't worry."

Well, we used £50 of her savings. . . .

She came out of the nursing-home with a small daughter as a further bond between us. We pinched and we saved.

I managed to get spare-time work doing typewriting for authors.

We thought that the tide had turned for us.

We both tried hard not to feel bitter when I heard through a mutual friend that my first wife had come into an income of about £3 a week, but had said nothing to me.

I did see a solicitor, but he told me that by the time I had paid the High Court fees necessary to have the question of alimony raised again, I should have more than spent whatever I might save on the reduction—supposing I was fortunate enough to get one—over a period of years. So my wife and I let it go.

But it was hard to hear—as I did again through mutual friends of the old days—that the two younger kiddies were being sent to a smart private school, that the elder of them had been given a fine bicycle for a birthday present, and that a new, five-valve wireless set was among the many "improvements" that had come to my first wife's home, thanks to the "windfall."

It will no doubt be said that she had the children to bring up and was doing so devotedly and efficiently. Yet, in the circumstances, I couldn't help feeling that she was doing so luxuriously, even extravagantly. For I was hard put to it to provide my second wife and her child with even the barest necessities.

Collapse

When my small daughter was nearly three, I had a bad breakdown in health, due, the doctor told me, to working night and day.

It took me a month to recover—and I was told I must get away for a week at least by the sea. A week by the sea! True, my firm had very decently paid me as though nothing had happened, but minus the bit I had been making at nights, and the doctor's bill to pay, I was almost penniless.

I could not bring myself to risk another snub from my first wife. Again it was my second helpmeet who came to the rescue. She broke into the rest of her savings to pay the alimony I had to meet while I was away on that short convalescence.

Ten years ago! And £3,000 has gone the way that another £3,000 must go if I live for another ten years.

I am reaching fifty. Soon my small daughter will have to go to school, be dressed decently. My second wife, uncomplainingly, has done without new frocks, new hats, new shoes. . . . And when I am too old to keep my job—what then? . . .

It was our wedding anniversary a fortnight ago. I broke our rigid rule—took her to a popular restaurant for a meat tea (our landlady kept an eye on the little girl for us), and then we stood in the queue for the pit at a London theatre.

Knife bites deep

But the evening was killed for me because, as I was standing there in the queue, who should I see but my first wife, in full evening dress, with a fine cloak flung carelessly about her shoulders, accompanied by the eldest son of my first marriage, in well-fitting dress clothes, making their way to the stalls.

I glanced at my wife's well-brushed, but two-years-old coat, at my own shabby blue serge. . . . Servitude for life! Shylock did not receive *his* pound of flesh because he was not permitted to draw blood.

But the Shylock masquerading under the title of Alimony sees to it that it not only gets its full pound, but gets it, even if in the cutting it means drawing from its victims tears of blood.

The Human Machine

Dangerous GROOVES

SPECIALISATION is the order of the day. The man who gets on is the man who can do one thing better than other people. In almost every walk of life the demand is for the expert.

There is a danger in this against which we should do well to guard; for while specialisation—the ability to do one job really well—is an invaluable asset, there is always a tendency for it to make us helpless in most other directions.

While there is a lot to be said for concentrating on something in order to become a specialist at it, we should take care not to allow ourselves to become a mere cog in a wheel, even though we may become a superior sort of cog. We should beware of narrowing down our existence to a groove.

We all have more than one talent. We're all able to do more than just one thing well; and because we either can do, or want to do, one thing more than another, that is no reason for neglecting the others.

If we have a vocation let us have other interests as well—call them hobbies or what you will. We can cultivate a wide range of interests without doing any damage to any special ability we are trying to cultivate.

Minds need change and recreation. Be a specialist by all means, but don't be a miser with life. There are more roads to travel than one.

YOUR "WAR SAVING

IN a couple of rooms in an obscure corner of a Government building sixteen years ago was written the first chapter of one of the most romantic stories in the history of finance.

Those two rooms saw the birth of the National Savings Movement, which since then has raised for national purposes the enormous total of over £840,000,000.

That money represents the combined savings of many millions of ordinary people, some of whom have been able to save only 6d. or so a week.

The National Savings Movement, which was created during the stress and turmoil of the war, has survived both the war and the peace. It goes from strength to strength.

To very many, National Savings Certificates represent a bulwark against adversity. To most of their holders they are still "War Savings Certificates," although their official name has been changed for years.

Armed against poverty

But in a certain true sense of the word they are still "War Savings Certificates," part of the reserves of millions of people in the war against unemployment and poverty, which are so constantly with us.

Now, £150,000,000 of these certificates—the first series subscribed for between February, 1916, and March, 1922—have run their full period, and holders are being asked to convert into new certificates or Government bonds.

It is therefore an opportune moment to review the progress of the movement—to discuss its past, its present and its future.

Its development is of national importance, for it has offered to millions an avenue of safe investment which did not previously exist; it has created a new avenue of wealth for the State, and has had social repercussions of tremendous significance.

It has linked people of all classes. There are over 31,000 Savings Associations linking the movement with schools, factories, business offices, women's institutions, Boy Scouts and Girl Guides' troops, hospitals and infirmaries.

And included in the 31,000 is a branch in the Royal Household, of which the King and Queen are members. The Prince of Wales is an official of the National Savings Movement, being patron of the National Movement, and also president of the Brigade of Guards Savings Association.

It is intended that Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose shall become members as soon as they are old enough. Both already have deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank, which is closely linked with the National Savings Movement.

A people's wealth

Both the Duke of York and the Duke of Gloucester have been among its officials, the Duke of York as president of the 10th Hussars Savings Association, and the Duke of Gloucester as a president of the Royal Air Force Savings Association.

When the movement issued its 1,000,000,000th certificate at the end of 1930, that certificate was presented to the King.

And meanwhile, in towns and villages all over the country, the movement has been spreading.

It has created a new habit of wise saving among huge masses of ordinary people, it has tapped a source of wealth almost undreamed of by the old economists and statesmen; it has demonstrated to the world the real wealth of Britain, despite depressions and financial crises.

£100 a minute!

Throughout last year, in spite of the slump, the slowing down of trade, the gloomy forecasts of our foreign critics that Great Britain was "finished," the average amount invested in National Savings Certificates each week was well over £1,000,000, which—think of it—is getting on for £100 a minute.

And—this is an amazing fact—the weekly average during last year was substantially higher than for any of the previous three years. Who dare say that Great Britain has no resources to fall back upon when financial danger threatens?

Here are some other facts for the pessimists:

The small savings in Great Britain now, in the aggregate, total well over £2,100,000,000, or approximately £47 per head of the total population.

Of this amount the principal and interest of National Savings Certificates account for £497,000,000, while the Post Office Savings Bank and the Trustee Savings Banks with which it is closely allied account for £490,000,000 and £181,000,000 respectively.

More than 19,200 schools have Savings Associations, and nearly 9,000 factories, works and offices.

Calamity's hand in . . .

How did this new habit of national thrift start? What impulse gave it birth?

To discover that we must go back to the dark days of 1915, when it was already becoming clear that hopes that the war would be quickly over were too optimistic, and it was realised that if victory was to be gained the financial resources of the nation must be called upon as never before in history.

A committee, under the chairmanship of the late Rt. Hon. E. S. Montagu, was set up by the Government to investigate the possibilities of War Loans from small investors.

As a result of its investigations, a National War Savings Committee was appointed, under the chairmanship of Sir Robert Kindersley, the famous banking authority, who is head of the great City firm of Lazard Brothers.

The committee set out to design a security which should be suitable for people of moderate means, who dare not risk capital depreciation, such as is possible even if money is invested in Government bonds quoted on the Stock Exchange, and who require to withdraw the money invested for urgent family needs.

It, therefore, created 15s. 6d. certificates, which by the end of ten years would increase in value to £1 6s.

The first certificate was offered to the public in February, 1916, and at first it seemed as if the effort was likely to fail.

There was little interest in the new investment—no sign whatever of that public enthusiasm which was later to carry the movement so far.

. . . the patriot's pocket

But the members of the committee refused to be discouraged. They met together and decided upon a national propaganda movement to sell the certificates and get money to finance the war.

Local committees were set up, all the arts of advertising were called into being, voluntary workers were enrolled in hundreds, the necessity for national saving was preached in tiny school halls, in village market-places, in kinemas—everywhere.

Then came the Tanks, and the movement took advantage of public curiosity and interest in these new monsters of war by organising Tank Weeks.

Army Tanks were taken to the towns and set up for a week as banks for the sale of Savings Certificates and War Bonds, towns being urged to beat each other in the amount of money put up.

Tank Weeks proved enormously successful, and were followed by War Weapons Week, in which towns raising above a certain amount had a gun or an airplane or a tank named after them.

There was also the Business Men's Week, in which districts were asked to buy certificates and raise enough to build a Dreadnought, a cruiser, and so on.

At long last the war came to an end. Men turned again to peaceful pursuits, anxious to put behind them as rapidly as possible all that had to do with war.

But in the days of peace the Savings Movement, it was soon recognised, could play a part no less valuable and no less important than in war.

Capital was needed for reconverting industry from war purposes to normal work. The War

How the money GROWS — an investor learns how to convert his old certificates

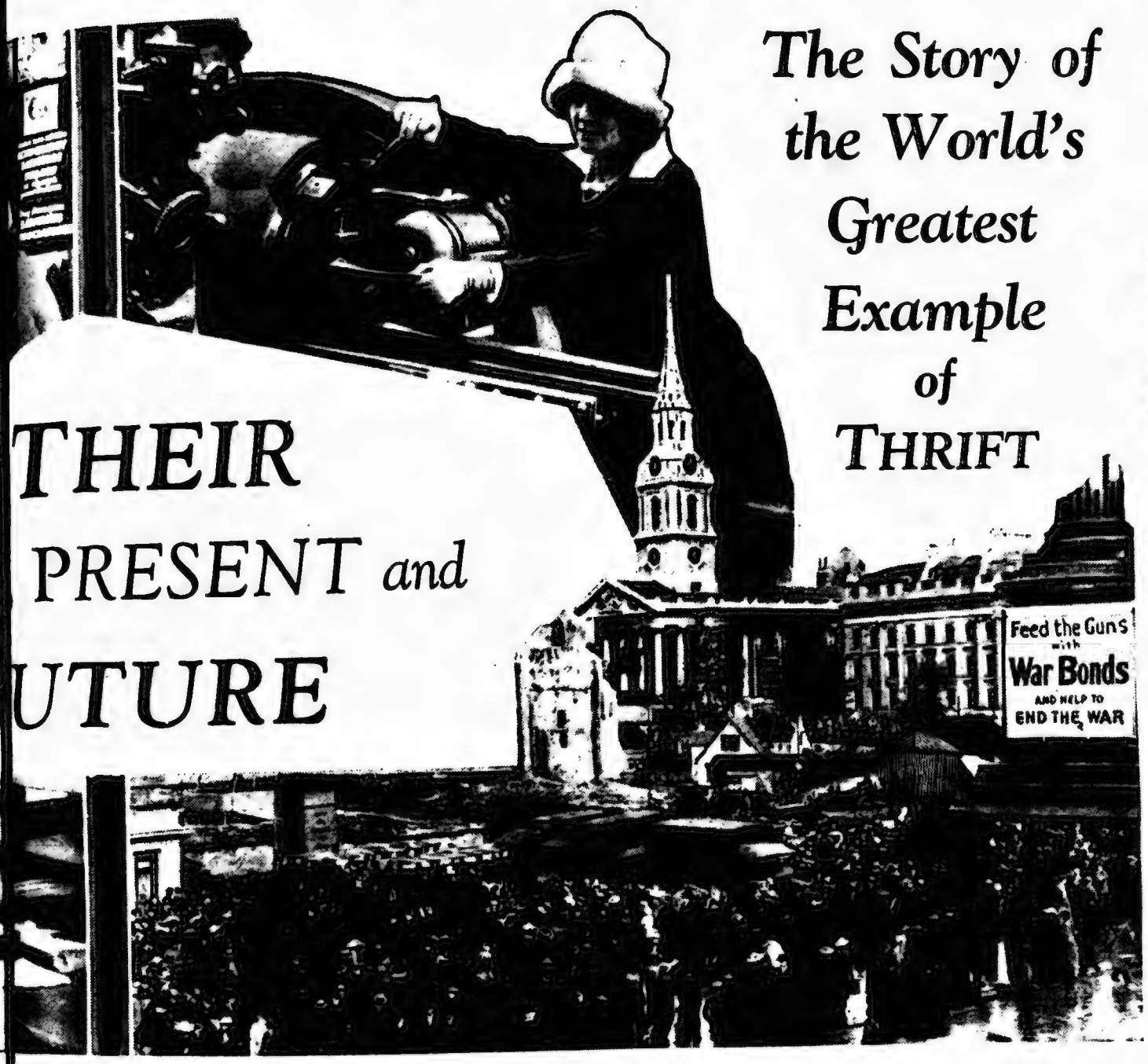
NOW — *A million streams flow into this reservoir of wealth—Scenes at the headquarters of the National Savings Movement where records of all deposits are filed*

THE PAST PRE
PUT

...INGS" Certificates—

THEIR PRESENT and FUTURE

The Story of the World's Greatest Example of THRIFT



The great "Feed the Guns" campaign during the war—A transformed Trafalgar Square filled with thousands of eager investors and (above) a famous actress "firing the first shot" with one of the new certificates

Major-General the Rt. Hon. J. E. B. Seely, hard-working chairman of the National Savings Committee

. . . and THEN

Savings Movement went on to new triumphs.

It adopted the motto of "Wise saving and wise spending," and arranged a joint certificate and banking scheme, whereby a certain amount of the money invested in the purchase of certificates could be kept in banking accounts, which could be drawn upon in just the same way as could a current account with a joint-stock bank.

Helping industry along

Naturally, just after the war there was some drop in sales, but since then investment has gone steadily on, in good times and bad.

What happens to this enormous total of accumulated savings? To what purpose is it put?

This vast accumulation of small amounts of sixpences and shillings—often scraped together laboriously out of scanty earnings—has become of vast importance in national finance, and indirectly in assisting industry and commerce to secure capital which will enable fresh developments and the employment of more men and women.

The fact that there is this steady investment of £1,000,000 a week or more means that the Government has to borrow less in what is termed the long-term and short-term capital market.

Money is needed every day to carry on the business of the State and to meet the expenses of Government departments, and to bridge the gap between expenditure and the collection of income in the form of taxes, and so on.

To meet these requirements the Government has to raise loans in the money market, normally in the form of what are termed Treasury bills, which run for three months or so, and sometimes by the issue of long-term Government securities.

But there is only a certain amount of money available for investment in the capital market. If the Government has to borrow increasingly large sums each week or so to meet its day-to-day requirements, there is less available for business men and industries who need loans.

Consequently, the flow of funds from National Savings Certificates means that the Government has to borrow less through the ordinary financial channels, and there is a bigger fund upon which industry can draw.

Moreover, the more the Government borrow in the money market, the bigger are interest rates because of the demand for money.

If the Government can carry on with less of such borrowing, not only is there more money available for industrial and commercial purposes, but the banks and financial houses, having plenty of resources, are willing to lend more cheaply.

Good for—you!

And there is one other important point.

When War Savings became Peace Savings, it was arranged that municipalities which needed money for housing and other local development purposes should be able to apply to the Public Works Loan Board for a loan based on the number of Savings Certificates sold in the district.

Thus the more money there is invested in Savings Certificates in an area, the easier it is for the municipal authorities to obtain money to build houses for the homeless or to find work for some of the unemployed in much-needed development works.

As for the future, there is much of very great national benefit that the small investor can still accomplish.

The idea of the Savings Certificates was a British idea pure and simple, but, like so many other British institutions, it has now been copied by other nations all over the world. It has helped to create a habit of saving among many people who in the past did not save at all.

It offers to the ordinary man and woman what is universally recognised as the best and safest investment in the whole world, an investment which automatically improves in value as time passes, and on which it is impossible for there to be any loss.

Prominent financiers, bankers, City men and industrial leaders, including among them many millionaires, hold the certificates, as well as millions of poorer people, because of their attraction as an investment.

A bonny war-baby

How widely they are held can be seen from the fact that under normal circumstances no one can hold more than 500 certificates, so that the large total now issued is made up of very many comparatively small amounts.

Probably in the future the terms offered may change slightly. For example, the initial cost of the certificates has been increased since the war from 15s. 6d. to 16s., and the rate of compound interest has been lowered.

But as the number of small savers and investors grows—and that it is growing rapidly all in touch with financial matters know—the movement will assume an ever-increasing importance in our national finances.

Born in a time of grave national danger, it has succeeded because it offers to the very poorest a chance of absolutely secure investment, an opportunity to build up a nest-egg for old age.

At the same time it helps the nation and its industries by creating a reservoir of accumulated wealth such as few other countries possess.

And now for the best smoke of all—The fragrant Manikin.

Manikins are a man's smoke—good honest tobacco—no paper, no bite, no sting. Full of flavour, yet Mild and Nutty and—very important — quite economical, for 10d. buys 5 and each one will give you the lasting satisfaction of a Mild Havana Cigar.

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MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
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NUTTALL'S MINTOES 4d PER QR
SOLD BY ALL CONFECTIONERS.

P.C. WREN

tells of a Breathless Adventure

When BEAU GESTE was . . .

"An old man . . . and a young girl clutching a knife ——"

BURIED ALIVE!

QUITE frequently "the movies" hold the mirror up to Life and reflect it without unbearable distortion. Occasionally Life, returning the compliment, copies "the movies." When it does so, we are prone to observe that Truth is stranger than Fiction . . .

Sergeant-Major Lejaune, his honours thick upon him after the battle of El Rasa, and on the eve of promotion to the rank of Adjutant, was a happy man—though none would have suspected it—happy in the attainment of ambition, happy in knowing himself to be the squarest of pegs in the squarest of holes, and particularly happy, at the moment, in the execution of a job after his own heart.

His orders were to reconnoitre an Arab *douar* of which a scout of the *peloton méhariste*, mounted on a swift camel, had brought information; to reconnoitre it and to act in accordance with his discoveries.

There was intentional and definite vagueness about the instructions issued to him, a certain euphemism and wide room for the use of discretion, or, should circumstances indicate, of indiscretion.

What Sergeant-Major Lejaune quite clearly understood was that no inhabited Arab *douar* was to be left intact, useful, and practicable, from the Arab point of view, a menace and potential danger, on the flank of the advancing Brigade; a rallying-point, retreat and stronghold whence the desert horsemen could sally forth for a whirlwind charge at dawn, and whither they might safely retire with the spoils of victory, or to lick their wounds and rest awhile to gather strength after defeat.

As usual, the Legion was in advance of the Brigade, its eyes and ears; and, as frequently, Sergeant-Major Lejaune, with a picked section of three sergeants, six corporals and fifty men, was in advance of the Legion, and a week ahead of the Brigade.

* * *

Warily, skilfully, and with desert cunning equal to that of the Arabs themselves, taking advantage of every sand-dune, *wadi* and fold in the ground, Lejaune brought his little force into position for attack.

"Place seems absolutely deserted," he growled to Sergeant Dupré, after long and careful study of the *douar* through his glasses.

Sergeant-Major Lejaune glanced along the line of men lying prone and thankfully resting beneath the crest of the sand-dune over the top of which he had been observing the *douar*.

"Here, you," he called suddenly, and beckoned to a soldier. The man, crouching low, hurried towards him.

"See that *douar*? March straight towards it. If you are not fired at, march straight into it and go on until you *are* fired at. . . . And don't be fool enough to get killed first shot. Let's hear plenty of shooting if the place is occupied."

Michael Geste shouldered his rifle, saluted and marched off.

There was a gleam in the eye of Sergeant-Major Lejaune, and a twist of his lips that might have been the ghost of a sardonic smile.

"'It is expedient that one man should die for the people,'" murmured Sergeant Dupré, an educated man who was said to have been a priest.

Sergeant-Major Lejaune grunted.

"More useful dead than alive—if he manages to start that hive buzzing before he dies," he growled.

Straight for the village, steadily as though on parade, Michael Geste marched on, expecting at every step to hear the crack of a rifle.

Perhaps the first shot would miss him. . . . In that case, he would instantly throw himself flat—having done his job of establishing the fact that the silent and apparently empty *douar* was occupied. . . .

But no shot came.

A thousand metres, five hundred, two hundred, one hundred—they could not miss him now, surely, at little over fifty yards—if hidden riflemen were lurking in the stone-and-baked-mud houses. . . .

A nerve-racking trial of coolness, this, marching up alone against this sinister place, silent as the grave and still as the dead, that yet seemed to watch with a thousand eyes, and might be alive with fierce fighting men. . . .

Silent Terror

Fancy falling into their hands unwounded—to be tortured unspeakably—and with the added torture of knowing that one had failed one's comrades. . . . A blow on the head from behind, as one passed along an alley. Not a warning shot fired. . . .

The village. . . . No shot . . . No sound. . . . Deserted and empty.

Michael Geste went through the *douar* from end to end. As dead and derelict as the deserted cities of India of which he had read; as empty and abandoned as Pompeii itself.

One might return now and signal that there was no enemy in sight—though the very fact of the absence of any firing, and of his emerging safely, would show Lejaune that all was well, that there was no trap, and that he might advance without further precaution. . . .

Might look into one or two more of the empty houses just to "mak siccar," as old McSnorrt would say. . . .

No, nothing. Nobody, apparently. Presumably the inhabitants had fled after the battle of El Rasa, as soon as it was evident that the accursed *Roumis* were going to penetrate yet further into the desert.

Michael Geste, from force of habit, closed the door behind him, as he stepped out from a dark interior into the dazzling light of the whitewashed, white-hot street, and, sloping his rifle, turned to march back, to rejoin his comrades. . .

Woman in White

Hullo! What was that?

Something had moved. . . .

Something white had moved—behind the bars of an unglazed window. . . .

Now for it! Now for the *bang* and the rending crash of a bullet in the chest or head. . . .

Michael threw up his rifle and covered the dark, barred aperture. . . . He was there to draw fire and to shoot—not to escape unhurt and then lead his comrades into a trap. . . .

Why did nothing happen? Why couldn't the skulking Arab shoot—or show himself, to be shot at?

Seconds that seemed like minutes passed. Minutes that seemed to him like hours. . . . . .

Michael could bear it no longer, and fear, as usual, made him angry.

"Can only die once," he said, and, his rifle at the "ready," he approached the window. Nothing happening, he looked into the room or rather, tried to penetrate the gloom of the dark interior.

He could see no one . . . nothing of interest. . . . Just the usual bare, dirty and comfortless interior—apparently last tenanted by goats and fowls.

Nevertheless, something — something white—had undoubtedly moved in the room, had shown itself at the barred

(Continued on page 24)

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TWO SIZES 4½d. & 9½d.

per packet—at all Grocers

THE EMPIRE'S BREAKFAST

MADE IN CANADA

Q79a

Continued from page 22 . . . .

aperture, and had disappeared. . . . Almost certainly a human being. . . .

Was there a concealed sharpshooter in the house? Was there one concealed in every house in the village—perhaps more than one—waiting for the infidels to walk into the trap?

Anyhow, this place should be searched pretty thoroughly. Going round to the front of the house, Michael put his shoulder to the rickety door, burst its feeble fastenings, and, finger on trigger, entered, his heart beating fast, and speculation in his mind as to whether the sound of the shot that might kill him, and his shot in reply, would reach the ears of his comrades.

If wounded he must try to regain the street and fire his rifle in the open air, so that its report would be heard. . . .

Nothing in the front room. Not even an article of furniture, a cooking-pot, a garment, nor anything else—nothing but bare, mud floor, filthy walls and smoke-blackened roof.

Yes—a door in one of the walls, a door that did not lead into that room, shed, or out-building of which he had already examined the interior

"Well! Here goes," quoth Michael, and, at the second heave and thrust, burst this door open also.

A swift movement . . . . a rustle . . . a gleam . . . someone or something in the far corner.

As he threw up his rifle, Michael, his eyes now accustomed to the interior gloom, realised that there were two Arabs in the room—that they were crouching in the corner. . . .

No, that one was lying on the mud floor and the other crouching beside him . . . an old man and a young girl . . . the girl clutching a long knife, and evidently prepared to protect the grey-bearded ancient who lay staring and muttering incoherently.

Like a snake about to strike, the girl sprang to her feet, raised the knife above her head, and, her glittering eyes fixed upon Michael's, waited—a picture of desperate and devoted courage.

"Fear not," said Michael in Arabic, as he lowered his rifle, "I will not hurt you . . . Nor your father. . . ."

"I will kill you if you come nearer," replied the girl.

Pitiable Remnant

"I am not coming nearer," answered Michael. "Do not fear."

"What do you want? . . . We have nothing. . . . We are starving. . . . My father is dying of thirst and of hunger."

Stepping back a couple of paces, Michael unslung his *bidon* and placed it on the ground.

"Give him water—and drink, yourself," he said, and returned to the door.

Thirst overcoming fear, distrust and bewilderment, the girl, without taking her eyes from the terrible invader, or lowering her knife, edged forward and seized the water-bottle.

"Do not fear," said Michael Geste again, and retreated to the door.

The girl poured water into an earthenware cup, and then, raising the old man's head, held the vessel to his lips. Not until it was empty did she slake her own thirst—evidently a consuming fire and torture.

"Here is food," said Michael Geste, and produced from his haversack two army biscuits and some cooked macaroni, the sight of which unattractive mess caused the girl's eyes to gleam. Obviously she and the old man were, as she had said, suffering, if not dying, of starvation and thirst.

"Have you no friends? No one to help you? Why are you alone in the *douar*?" he asked, as the girl, still afraid to approach, held out her hand for the food.

"All have fled," replied the girl. "Scouts brought news of a great Roumi *harka*. . . . My father was too ill to go. . . . They said, 'Let him die.' But it was not the will of Allah, and he lives. . . . I cannot draw water without help. . . . What do you want? . . . Shall we now be killed? . . .

"No. Do not fear. Pour the rest of the water into that jar. . . The Roumi *harka* will pass on, and your tribe will return. . . . Farewell. . . ."

On receiving his scout's report, Sergeant-Major Lejaune, being pressed for time, did no more than march through the *douar* and give directions that, here and there, fire should be set to a house that looked a little more important than the rest.

Michael Geste, one of a small demolition party, contrived, after hasty communication with his brothers Digby and John and his friends Hank and Buddy, to leave a further small supply of food and water in the outer room of a certain house, one of half-a-dozen marked down for destruction by Corporal Gontran. . . .

Evidently haste caused the failure of any incendiary efforts that may have been made in this case, as no flames were seen to burst forth from this dwelling-place, though Corporal Gontran observed that a reasonable amount of smoke issued from it.

"Come on," he bawled from the end of the street, as Michael emerged from the house . . . "or do you propose to wait for the sacred fire-engine to arrive, you . . ."

II.

A week later the Brigade halted to rest in bivouac camp, the Legion bivouacked a few miles to the south of it, and Sergeant-Major Lejaune and his scouts entrenched themselves a few miles to the south of the Legion, and slept, when sleep they did, with one eye open.

For most of the hours of most of the days the majority of the special section were engaged in patrolling, and keeping communication with the battalion.

* * *

"We'll have a look over the next ridge and then return," said Corporal Gontran to his patrol one day.

"Here, you two, Brown and Schneider," he added, turning to the *légionnaires* nearest to him, "four eyes are as good as forty. Scout over that ridge—and do it thoroughly. . . . Remainder fall out and sit down. . . . You, Schwartz, get on that rock and watch all round. . . ."

Beau Geste Falls

Le légionnaire Schwartz, scowling, obeyed. Corporal Gontran was too fond of picking on him for everything. Hadn't he earned a rest as much as any? . . .

"Up!" he bawled suddenly. "*Aux armes!* Here they come!" and opened fire.

The thunderous rush of the small raiding-party swept away the two scouts who were approaching the ridge over which the Arabs had so suddenly appeared.

One, Schneider, lay still for ever, beneath the spearman who had stabbed him through the chest—and received Schneider's bullet through his brain in the act of doing so; the other, "Brown," lay unwounded, but unconscious, knocked down, trampled, and kicked on the head by the horse of the swordsman whom he had shot as he parried the sword-cut with his bayonet.

After the fight this man was picked up, bound, slung across a riderless camel and carried off for question, torture and terrible death by the decimated Arab raiding-party.

* * *

When Michael Geste, alias *le légionnaire* Brown, recovered complete consciousness, he found himself lying on the ground outside a village, trussed like a fowl, while a crowd of Arabs stood near.

A group of women waited with deep interest and eager anticipation their lords' decision, and a band of children eyed him with fear and hatred, and according to age and disposition, sucked thumbs, spat, shouted threats or flung stones.

An avaricious-looking old man babbled of ransom, but was bidden to hold his foolish tongue.

Resolutions and amendments put to the meeting varied from proposals for crucifixion, burning alive, impalement, stoning, burying alive, slow and progressive mutilation, starvation, pegging-out in the sun to die of thirst, down to just ordinary plain decapitation.

"Hand him over to the women—and leave it to them," growled a savage-looking warrior whose thumb had been shot off in the day's fight, whereat a yelping chorus of approval rose from the group of crones.

Several of them had provided themselves with kitchen-knives — domestic utensils as useful and effective for the flaying and filleting of a Roumi as for the slaying, skinning and quartering of a goat or sheep.

"Peace!" boomed the deep voice of a big, important-looking man who now joined the group "Let the women dig his grave—narrow and deep. He shall be buried alive, all but his head.

"In the night the jackals will come and tear the ears from his cheeks, the scalp from his skull, the flesh from the bones of his face—and in the morning he shall still be alive.

"Yea, and the sun shall rise and shine upon the thing that was his head . . . until he dies."

And all the congregation said "Amen!" and the old women forthwith got joyfully to work in the delightful labour of digging an infidel's grave beneath the horrified gaze of his living eyes. . . .

Pit of Doom

Now and then a boy or girl successfully flung a stone at his head . . . Once, a woman—perhaps she had lost a son or husband fighting the Roumis—knelt beside him and proceeded to gouge out his eyes with a stick, an attempt which would have succeeded but for the interference of the head-man.

"Cease!" he shouted. "Who gave him to you for a plaything? Leave him his eyes that he may see the jackals come for them. . . ."

The grave was quickly dug. Michael was flung into it, feet first, and the hole was speedily filled in—so that, though his body was buried to the neck, his head remained above ground.

There, after a little stone-throwing, buffeting, kicking, and the infliction of foul indignities, he was left to face his hideous fate. . . .

Had hours or only minutes passed?

Hours, surely . . . "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Cramp, almost unbearable—suffocation well-nigh insupportable—an impulse to shriek, scream, howl, nearly unconquerable. A slinking shape, just visible against the stars. Was that the first of the jackals—or only a village cur?

Could one keep jackals and pariah dogs at bay by shouting at them? Could one bend one's head back and then jerk it violently forward against the snout of the prowling, starving beast that came to . . .

God! What was that behind him? . . .

"Well? Comfortable? Still possessed of ears to hear, Roumi? Listen to me."

It was the voice of the head-man.

"We caught two of your people a year or so ago and we buried them alive as you are buried now. . . . I came to them by night as I have come to you, and offered them their freedom . . . rank, money, horses, camels, women . . . all that makes life worth having—on terms.

"One of them joined us—and now rideth at the right hand of the Sultan of the Mountains, a warrior, the leader of a *harka*, rich, respected, strong.

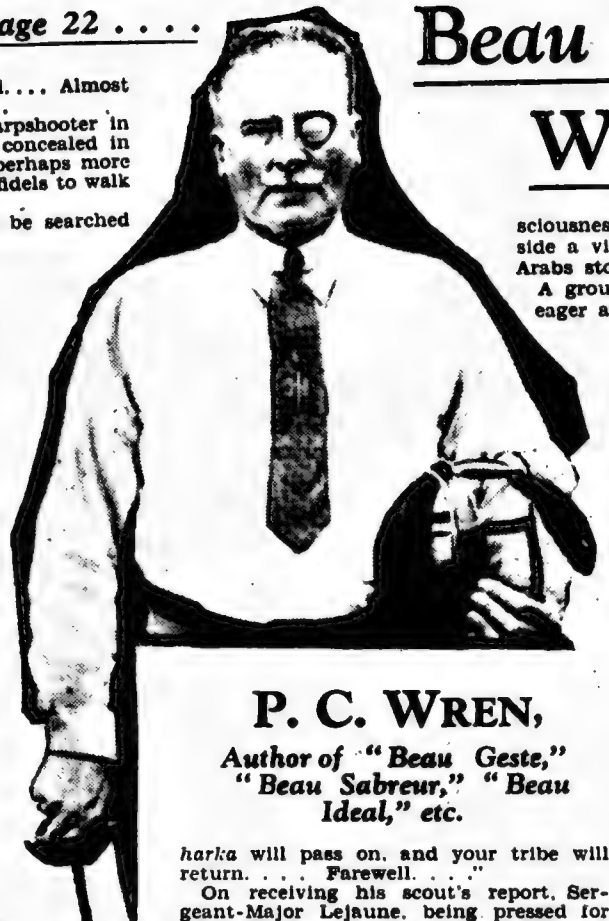
"The other did not join us. His body—all but the head—is still in the ground somewhere near you now. He lived for a day and a night and a day. . . . Long before he died his skull was red. . . . That man was a fool."

"That man was a good soldier," replied Michael Geste. "True to his salt. A brave man. What Arab would do that?"

"Will you join us?" continued the Arab. "Have a soldier's life instead of a dog's death? Come and serve as in-

(Continued on page 26)

Beau Geste's Worst Ordeal



P. C. WREN,

Author of "Beau Geste," "Beau Sabreur," "Beau Ideal," etc.

'DIPLOMA'
LIMERICK COMPETITION
No. 64

763 PRIZES OFFERED FOR DIPLOMA LIMERICKS

£50 FIRST PRIZE

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £5
3rd PRIZE £2
10 PRIZES of £1 EACH
50 10/- POSTAL ORDERS
500 2/6 POSTAL ORDERS
SPECIAL PRIZES
200 CAMERAS

We must all give up something in Lent,
Said Father, on saving intent,
No dances—no sweets,
Or similar treats

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding.

CLOSING DATE:
Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, March 18, 1932.**

RESULT:
A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

ADDRESS to:
Competition (Dept. 7)
WILTS
UNITED DAIRIES LTD.,
TROWBRIDGE.

DIPLOMA
The ENGLISH Crustless CHEESE
CHEDDAR OR CHESHIRE

D 213

SELFRIDGE'S
THE HEADQUARTERS OF ALL CYCLE ENTHUSIASTS

MODEL B.T.

MEN'S SELFRIDGE CHROMIUM-PLATED TOURIST CYCLE

In 22, 24, 26 ins. frames, parallel top tube. Frame, Forks and Mudguards enamelled in Black, lined Red and Gold. All bright parts chromium-plated. Can also be supplied in all Black finish lined Red and Gold, at same price. **DUNLOP** Roadster Cord Tyres, wired edges. **STURMEY-ARCHER** three-speed gear. **CHAIN**—Best British roller, ½ x ⅛ ins. **DUNLOP** Waterproof Saddle with Hammock Springing. **OIL BATH** Gear Case, detachable. **HANDLEBARS**, upturned style. **MUDGUARDS** are of stout steel with side valances and extra long front extension. **WHEELS**—28 x 1½ ins., have chromium-plated rims, centre lined, coloured edges, 4 ins. rubber **PEDALS** two rolling lever **BRAKES**, acting on front and rear wheels. **EQUIPMENT**: Bluemel Inflator, Lamp Reflector, Solid Leather Toolbag, 4 ins. Adjustable Spanner, Cone Spanner and Oilcan.

CASH PRICE **£5 10s.**
OR DELIVERED FOR— and 14 Monthly Payments of 8/6
CARRIAGE PAID **8/6**

SELFRIDGE'S CYCLE DEPT. (FIRST FLOOR.)
WHY NOT WRITE FOR CYCLE LIST?
SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD. OXFORD ST., W.1.

WET ERUPTIONS ON BABY'S HEAD

Had Many Sleepless Nights. Healed by Cuticura.

"Sore eruptions broke out on baby's head and seemed to be worse all the time. She did scratch them terribly, and they started breaking out on her arms and legs. They were of a wet nature and later scaled over. I had to put gloves on her when she went to bed. We had many sleepless nights with her.

"She had the trouble about two months when I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. I purchased more and in five or six weeks she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. C. Badman, 10, Stanley Terr., Gloucester Rd., Soundwell, Nr. Bristol, Glos., Eng.

Give Cuticura Soap and Ointment the care of your skin.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s 3d. and 2s 6d. Talcum 1s 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

LESS THAN 9d A DAY

will provide an assured income of

£100 A YEAR for life

when you retire

THIS is what a man aged 25 next birthday may secure at 65 by taking out an Endowment Assurance Guaranteed Bonus Policy with the Prudential.

The annual premium would be £15 3s. 4d., but allowing for Income Tax Rebate at 2s. 6d. in the £, the yearly outlay would be £13 5s. 5d., equivalent to less than 9d. a day. This plan shows

A PROFIT OF £569 ON AN INVESTMENT OF £531

In the event of death before 65, £500 with guaranteed bonus additions of £15 a year (more than the yearly outlay) would be available for his dependants.

ANY AGE · ANY TERM · ANY AMOUNT

If you would like a guaranteed income of £100 a year or more when you retire, fill in and forward this coupon.

To THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.
Holborn Bars, London, E.C.1

Please send me particulars of your Guaranteed Income Policy which will secure me £..... a year for life at age....., or provision for my dependants in the event of earlier death. My age next birthday is .....

Name .....
Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address .....

J.B. 27.2.32. P.P. 221

See page 36 for list of
£100 PRIZE CONTEST RECORDS

PARLOPHONE

Hear these brilliant new records.

Elsie and Doris Waters.

R.1091. HICCUPS!!! The Tale of a Hat.

Leslie Hutchinson.

R.1087. Close your Eyes. Life's just a Bowl of Cherries.

R.1132. You're Blasé. Dancing in the Dark.

Ronald Frankau.

R.1043. Nothing ever Happens to some Girls.

R.1114. They've a much better time when they're naughty.

Jim Slinny.

R.1137. Once aboard the Lugger. He played his Ukulele as the Ship went down. (A Riotous Comedy Novelty.)

Orchestra Mascotte.

R.1076. Morphia *and* Midnight Waltz.

R.1110. O Sole Mio (*in Waltz Tempo*).

R. 905. Love Bells *and* Mimosa.

OF ALL DEALERS—2s. 6d. each.

Ask for List of new records by
TAUBER—LILIAN HARVEY
SUPERVIA—HARRY HEMSLEY

PARLOPHONE

If any difficulty write to 81, City Rd., E.C.1

Audrey Feest, 74, Bevington St., Bermondsey, London

"Cough? I should say I did!"

"My whooping-cough nearly bust me till Mummie rubbed my chest and back with that 'Vick.' Oo, it did feel good, and then I went to sleep."
That is how Mrs. Feest interprets her baby's views. The poor mite caught whooping-cough when only three months old. Mrs. Feest knew that it would have to run its course, but that it was important to relieve those coughing spasms which otherwise may injure a child permanently.

Acts in 2 Ways at Once to Relieve Cold-Troubles.

Rubbed on the throat and chest for coughs and colds, Vick brand Vapour-Rub acts in two ways at once: (1) through the skin like a poultice, and (2) vaporised by the body-warmth and inhaled direct to the air-passages.
Regular size only 2/-, half-size 1/3, at all chemists.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Best for Children's Colds

THE VETS' BITTEREST PILL

The "out-patients'" queue at the Royal Veterinary College . . . the owners more tremulous and frightened than the pets themselves

IT is well that our dumb friends attending sick-parade every morning at the Royal Veterinary College, Camden Town, do not know that the Government, by stopping its grant, is to practise economy at the expense of this most derelict occupied building in London.

If they did, the coster's donkey in yesterday's queue would have set up braying that would have shattered the crumbling, timber-propped walls.

The parrot brought by an anxious sailor, a bird not a whit less voluble than his owner, would have rattled the last few pieces of glass out of broken windows that already sieve the four winds of heaven.

And the children with sick pets in their arms would utter a cry of dismay.

The Royal Veterinary College is the Empire's Lister Institute for Animals. You would think it was an old soap factory, closed somewhere round the 'seventies, to look at it.

It has always been strange to think that our veterinary surgeons receive their training there. The London County Council condemned the building as unsafe two years ago. The cornice over the monster gates collapsed recently.

Its chronically under-paid staff, working in ancient stables converted into operating theatres, do work that the professors at the Leipzig College, Germany's brand-new, State-supported £1,000,000 counterpart, regard as miraculous.

Their most valuable work has been to lead the world in combating glanders in horses and rabies in dogs, both contagious and fatal to man, pleuro-pneumonia and the dreaded foot-and-mouth disease.

Yet they have to shoe the horses of the Metropolitan police to raise money to carry on their own researches!

Professor Hobday, the Principal, refuses to allow poverty to interfere with the college's work of mercy. The ambulance will still wait at any hour of the day or night to pick up the meanest London mongrel that has fallen by the way. A light will still burn in the hospital from dusk to dawn in the room of a night-duty surgeon.

YOU should have looked round it yesterday morning. There were fifty people in the usual queue, as tremulous and frightened as if they were going to be operated on themselves.

There was a greyhound of doubtful parentage, too weak to race to the out-patients' department the tortoise in front of him, even if the rules had permitted. An ancient cocker-spaniel, 110 years old as dogs' ages go, had come for general overhaul.

There was a canary in agony with a broken leg, accompanied by a small boy who did all the crying; a cat in a condition of coma. And here, in the middle of London, placidly chewing as it was led forward, a cow that had been operated on.

There was a monkey, the dog-guardian of a blind beggar, even a white rat. Not even a white rat with gastritis is beneath the attention of this Empire headquarters of animal welfare.

There is Polly, Britain's most artful pony. Her one job in life is to put up a fight. "What signs of vice to look for when approaching strange animals" is part of a vet's training. Polly, having every vice, is therefore used for demonstration purposes.

Nowadays girls who want to become veterinary surgeons learn how to master Polly, how to saddle, ride, feed or even throw her.

Round her are stabled the sick horses—a dozen of the hospital's hundred inmates. They look out of their boxes with such an air of pleading that Professor Hobday should parade them on the terrace of the House of Commons.

VERY much more lively are the out-patient horses who have nothing worse than a jazz action suggesting they are crippled. Wise shoeing will probably put them right. The college knows 350 different ways.

Not the least important of the staff's duties is conducting tests to choose the cows that are to supply the nation's delicate children with milk. There are a million cows in Britain infected with tuberculosis. Any one would soon infect an invalid child.

One story about the Principal, told by one of the non-surgical staff, shows what a love he has for animals.

His own cat fell ill recently, so ill that there was not even an advantage in having Britain's leading veterinary surgeon as its master. They had to steal it behind his back. He would never have dared to sign its death warrant.

He has heard the college described as "Our National Disgrace." He never denies it. He knows that its only fault is its terrible poverty, and that is not his fault.

Found—*the* ELUSIVE PIMPERNEL!

THAT smiling adventurer, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," will be found in next week's JOHN BULL. He reappears in a thrilling new adventure, from which he emerges, to the confusion of his enemies, in his inimitable, light-hearted way.

MY ROMANTIC HERO
by Baroness Orczy

ALWAYS a strange thrill comes over me when I am asked or inwardly urged to write a story about "The Scarlet Pimpernel." It is a quarter of a century now since he made his first effort to capture the hearts and the imagination of all those happy people who are romantically minded.

Since then he has made his bow in Italy and in France, in Norway and Sweden and Poland, in Russia and Germany and Spain, even in Japan, and in all those countries he has been made welcome by young and old.

Readers have often asked me how I came to create "The Scarlet Pimpernel"; when and how did his personality take shape in my mind?

Strangely enough, I first *saw* him, standing before me—don't gasp, please!—on the platform of the Temple Station while I was waiting for a train. Of all the prosy, dull places, can you beat an Underground Railway station?

And yet I give you my word that there was the elegant Sir Percy Blakeney before my mental vision, and I saw him in his exquisite clothes, his slender hands holding up his spy-glass: I heard his quaint laugh and his lazy, drawling speech.

I can't tell you in detail what else I saw, for it was the whole life-story of "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

I think it would interest the readers of JOHN BULL, especially the young people who have literary ambitions as yet unattained, that my novel was refused by a round dozen of the biggest publishers in London before it was finally accepted by one in a very small way of business.

Beau Geste Escapes—(continued from p. 24)

structor of young soldiers in our leader's army and rise to rank and power?"

"If you were caught by the French, would *you* join them and fight against your people?" asked Michael Geste.

"That is not the question at the moment," replied the Arab.

"Give me time to think it over," temporised Michael Geste. "Give me until the moon rises—or until I shout '*Oh Sheikh, come,*' with all my strength."

A good idea that. While there is life there is hope. The village might possibly be surrounded and attacked by the Section during the night.

The Arab rose to his feet.

"At the rising of the moon I will come for your answer," he said.

"Jackals can smell blood farther than camels can smell water," he added as he strode away.

Minutes that seemed like hours. Or were they hours that seemed like endless nights? How quiet and still the village. Was that to hasten the coming of the jackals, the scavengers of the desert?

What was that? . . . Prowling, ravening beasts—or the head-man returning already? Faint sounds . . . an odour of camel. . . .

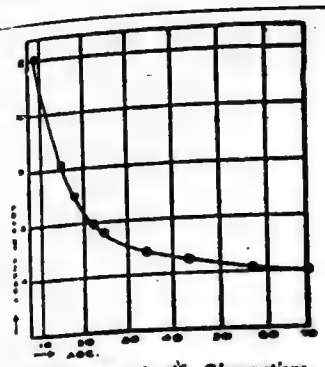
And suddenly the Fates amused themselves by making Life imitate the "movies" in acknowledgment perhaps of the fact that the "movies" do quite frequently imitate Life.

"I knew you at once," said a woman's voice. "I was milking a goat and looking through the bars when they brought you in. . . . These are my father, who was sick, and my uncle. We will soon dig you out. The sand is still loose. . . . My uncle will ride with you to a place whence you can see the Roumi camp."

* * *

"Oho! So you have not deserted then!" growled Sergeant-Major Lejaune as Michael Geste marched into the Section's entrenchment. "You filthy scum—you look like a corpse that has been buried and dug up again!"

"I have been buried and dug up again, *mon Commandant*," replied Michael Geste, saluting.



(Graph from Scientific Observations on Combustion Rate of Man.) Even when they are quite still, growing children use up energy at least twice as rapidly as the average grown person! No wonder little systems need a balanced nourishing diet!

THIS CHILD USES MORE ENERGY THAN HIS FATHER

"AND HE'S NO EXCEPTION" *SCIENTISTS SAY*

FROM the moment he gets up in the morning until the time when he's tucked into bed, he's constantly on the go, *brain and body working full time.*

And he isn't an exception. It is a scientific fact that healthy growing children "burn up" energy two to three times as quickly as their parents.

DOCTORS ADVISE A BALANCED DIET

It explains why doctors urge the necessity of a balanced diet for fast-growing children — one that will supply them with abundant energy.

That is why so many mothers supplement their children's meals with Horlick's Malted Milk. They know that Horlick's is made from fresh dairy milk, fine wheat and malted barley, and provides in an easily digested form the essential food elements young people need.

Children who take Horlick's regularly do not easily get over-tired, nor do they run underweight risks. For over fifty years doctors have prescribed Horlick's because of its splendid body-building qualities.

★

Try giving Horlick's to your little ones. Prepare it in a Horlick's Mixer, which makes each drink doubly good. Chemists, grocers everywhere have Horlick's in sealed glass bottles, in four sizes. Also the handy Horlick's Mixer, small size 6d., large size 1/-. Horlick's Malted Milk Co. Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

HORLICK'S

Plain or Chocolate Flavoured

BRITISH THROUGHOUT

KEEPS GROWING YOUNGSTERS FIT

"Saved me from pneumonia"

"SOME years ago I was suffering from bronchitis and congestion of the lungs. Nothing seemed to ease the congestion. Then my chemist recommended I try your Musterole Brand Ointment. After a few applications the congestion disappeared and I enjoyed complete relief from my suffering. As a matter of fact, the doctor told me I had been saved from pneumonia."
—G. J., Stafford Road, Wolverhampton.

● ● ●

If you have a cold on the chest and it feels tight and congested, spread on the magic, pain-dispelling warmth of this clean, white ointment. That warmth penetrates right down to the congested tissues, loosens, soothes, heals. Thousands of people have obtained immediate relief from dangerous chest colds by using Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. They are never without it in their homes. Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment will do for you what it has done for others. Your favourite chemist has it. Get a jar today.

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

MADE IN ENGLAND.

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Joan takes pride in her teeth

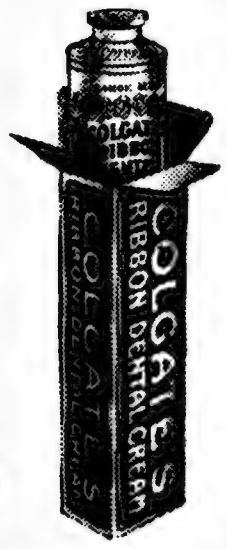
Colgate's has made them the envy of her class . . .

Joan's teeth are the picture in the frame of her smile. Two minutes twice a day with Colgate's keep them flashing and free from decay.

Colgate's searches out the tiniest crevices nature put in her teeth and carries off food particles which would soon start decay. Large Size 1/-. Medium Size 6d.

MADE IN ENGLAND

We will gladly send you a week's supply of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream free. Simply address Colgate's Ranelagh Road, London, S.W.1.
Send post card (1d. postage)



COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

RAIN & FOG SPELL — COUGHS & COLDS

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP SPELLS *'cure'*

Colds and coughs are in the air these days. Nip them in the bud by taking Galloway's. A wise plan is to keep a bottle of Galloway's Cough Syrup always handy.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY

Mr. George Clarke, the well-known comedian, writes :—"It is most essential for me to keep free from coughs and colds and for some time past I have relied entirely upon Galloway's Cough Syrup with the most satisfactory results. I can always be sure of giving my turn without having to contend with coughs and colds."

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Sold by all Chemists and Stores; price 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

MONEY
you are missing!

OVER and above the money you put by, something is added as Interest. Obviously it is to your advantage to secure THE HIGHEST INTEREST CONSISTENT WITH SAFETY.

£50, accumulating usual interest for ten years becomes £61; at 4½% it would become £77.

This Society pays the higher figure—FREE OF INCOME TAX—on any amount from £1 upwards, and you can add in sums of 5/- or more per month. ABSOLUTE SECURITY is assured, and your savings can be withdrawn in full at short notice.

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Ask for free Booklet, No. 96. Call to-day, 'phone (Mansion House 5927), or write to Secretary, W. C. M. Wightman,

CHURCH of ENGLAND
TEMPERANCE & GENERAL PERMANENT
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26, King William St., London, E.C.4.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW
that when baby cries his pains are nearly always caused through **INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COLIC,** or **TEETHING,** and that in such cases the infallible, safe family remedy which has been recommended by mothers, doctors and nurses for over 75 years is
"GRIPE WATER"
Carminative (Brand)
MADE BY
WOODWARD
CHEMIST—LONDON.
A teaspoonful two or three times a day
KEEPS BABY WELL
It breaks up the wind, promotes digestion, and enables baby to obtain healthy and restful sleep.
SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE. J.B.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON.
To **W. WOODWARD, Ltd.,**
51, Clapham Rd., London, S.W.9.
Please send me a FREE SAMPLE.
(Use block letters and mark envelope "SAMPLE.")
Name .....
Address .....
J.B.8. .....

HUMAN DOCUMENTS: *PHILIP INMAN helps you to decide—*

OUGHT I TO LEND It?

Seldom a day passes but Mrs. Next-Door comes a-borrowing . . .

WHEN I was a young fellow I was taught a bitter lesson. A man I knew came to me with a pitiful story that his home was in jeopardy. I listened to his tale of woe, and I lent him some money I could ill afford.

He promised to pay me back within three months, and I relied upon his word. But in the meantime he was adjudicated bankrupt, and for every pound I had loaned him I received a shilling

There is a shrewd Scotch proverb that says, "Coft wit makes wise folk." It means that wisdom is often purchased by painful experience.

And I would pass it on to a number of readers who have written to me for advice.

You must lose

The first letter comes from a man who tells me that he is married and has three children. From his school days he has had a friend who is still single and in good employment. A few months ago this man approached him and asked for a loan of £10.

"It meant real sacrifice to me," goes on this correspondent, "but because he was my friend I obliged him. In spite of repeated promises to repay, he has not kept his word.

"I cannot afford to lose the money, and I wonder how I should act. Do you advise me to consult a solicitor and invoke the aid of the law? I have in my possession an I.O.U. he gave me."

Here is Shakespeare's advice on this particular problem: "Neither a lender nor a borrower be, for loan oft loses both itself and friend."

And if my correspondent is not careful that is going to happen to him. He has the choice of two evils: If he goes to law he will assuredly lose his friend; if he refrains he is not likely to see his £10 again.

I seldom advocate the settlement of difficulties by legal methods. The lawyer is often the only gainer. And an excursion into the county court is not a pleasant experience.

But in this case there seems to be no alternative. My correspondent has his wife and family to consider. He admits that he cannot afford to lose this money. He need have no compunction about losing the friendship of such an one.

"A single man in good employment" who borrows without repaying, and who deliberately breaks his word, has forfeited any right to be called a friend.

Beggar my neighbour

So my advice is to consult a solicitor and get him to write a strong letter. If that does not have its effect, issue a writ.

Now for my second problem. It is indeed a very human one. My correspondent, a woman, lives in the country, two miles away from the nearest village.

She occupies one of a pair of cottages, and whilst she prides herself on being a "good manager," the woman next door is obviously anything but that. Let my correspondent speak for herself. This is what she says:

"Seldom a day passes but what my neighbour comes to borrow something—tea or sugar, or anything else she runs short of. Sometimes she fails to return it. When she does remember, she either pays me back less than I lent her, or the quality is poorer.

"I cannot afford to go on like this, but my neighbour is the only living soul for miles, and I don't want to offend her. What is the kindest and best way to deal with it?"

My correspondent is suffering from the faults of her own virtues.

She is far too good a manager, and her neighbour has come to rely upon her. The borrowing of household goods is a bad habit to get into. And when the same quality and quantity are not returned it is deliberately dishonest.

It is like the old political slogan of ninepence for fourpence—only this time it is reversed.

Naturally, my correspondent does not want to quarrel with her neighbour, particularly as she is so isolated from other folk. A little tactful handling of the situation should do all that is necessary.

The stock of her household commodities should be so reduced that she can say with truthfulness that she has none to lend. After a few disappointments her neighbour will find that she must make provision for herself. Remember, there would be no borrowers if there were no lenders.

And what shall I say to my third correspondent? He writes to tell me that he is the treasurer of a well-known organisation. A few weeks ago his sister-in-law, who was employed at a local establishment as cashier, misused her employer's money.

My correspondent was pressed to lend her over £10 to satisfy the audit and to save her job. This sum was to be returned by the payment of a definite amount each week out of her wages. He had no money of his own, so he "borrowed it" from the funds of his organisation.

The letter proceeds:

"Judge my surprise when I was informed that owing to suspicions my sister-in-law had been dismissed, and now there is no hope that the money will be repaid. I am in a terrible position, as my own annual audit is due and I am this amount short.

"I dread to face the consequences, as I am employed in a position of trust, and my employer is sure to hear of it. I have acted the good Samaritan and look like being ruined for my kindness.

"My action has certainly saved my sister-in-law from the police-court, but I am afraid that proceedings will be taken against me, and my home, job, and everything else is at stake."

I.O.U. spells misery

I am asked to suggest a way out. It will not solve my correspondent's problem to tell him that he has been a fool.

No one has the right to use money that does not belong to him—no matter for what object it is required. Be just before you are generous—that is a very wise saying.

But the mischief has been done now. What can he do? The only practical solution is for someone to lend him the money. Surely there is some official of that organisation, or a genuine friend, in whom he can confide.

He might be able to make the same arrangement as his sister-in-law proposed—namely, to repay so much a week out of his wages.

Much as I sympathise with him, it is impossible for me to loan it to him. If I did respond to every appeal made to me I should soon be bankrupt myself. My only practical contribution is that by publishing his letter he will receive a guinea from this paper. That will help him a little way along the road.

To my other readers, I would remind them that he who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing.

PHILIP INMAN is the man who wants trouble—your trouble. He doesn't guarantee to dispose of it for you, but he will show you how to overcome it yourself.

Send your problem to "Humanist," together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for every letter quoted on this page.

Different—*and Better*

GREATLY enlarged! A Free Gift offer of a Golden Wallet of Film Star Photographs for every reader!

The New *Picturegoer*, OUT TO-DAY, will be welcomed as the perfect paper for filmgoers. Thirty-two pages, cover in three colours, colour pages inside, sparkling pictures, special editorial features which include Mary Nolan's amazing life story, and a £2,000 free competition.

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NUMBER OF PEOPLE AND THINGS

Picnic Party Disappears!

CAN YOU SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF MARVO ISLAND?

£1000 REWARD

START IN AND WIN

1ST Prize £1000

2ND Prize £500 3RD Prize £100

10 PRIZES of £20 each. 200 PRIZES of £1 each
1,000 HANDSOME CONSOLATION PRIZES

HERE IS THE IDEA

Peter, Cicely and Baby have gone with their father, mother and a nursemaid to picnic on Picnic Beach. They have been rowed there by Bill, the boatman. They have brought with them everything they require to eat, to use and to play with. Without warning, all of them, and everything they have brought with them, have been scattered all over the island and have become hidden. You must find them all—people and things—so look carefully.

Users of **"Blue Band" 10d. "Charmo" 9d. "V.D.B." Fresh Rolls 8d.** *may enter by sending two wrappers taken from ½lb. packets of any of these brands.*

FOLLOW CAREFULLY THESE SIMPLE RULES:

(1) Mark in ink a cross in the middle of every article, person or persons you find.
(2) Write plainly in the coupon the total number of people and things you find, your own name and address and the name and address of the retailer from whom you obtained your "Marvo," "Blue Band," "Charmo" or "V.D.B." Fresh Rolls.
(3) You must return the whole of the picture and coupon and attach to it two wrappers taken from half-pound packets of "Marvo," "Blue Band," "Charmo" or "V.D.B." Fresh Rolls.
(4) You can send in as many attempts as you like but every one must be accompanied by two wrappers taken from half-pounds of any of the Brand mentioned in Rule 3. No entrant shall receive more than one prize or share of a prize.
(5) The correct solution has been deposited with the Westminster Bank, and the entrant whose solution coincides or most nearly coincides with the correct solution, will be awarded the first prize, the remaining prizes being awarded in order of merit. In the event of two competitors tieing for any prize, that prize and the next succeeding prize shall be divided equally between the two. Similarly, if three or more competitors tie, then the three or more prizes involved shall be divided equally among them.
(6) Send all attempts as early as possible to:—
"Marvo" Margarine Competition, 6 Baches Street, London, N.1 (Comp.)
(7) List of Prize Winners will be forwarded to retailers of "Marvo" Margarine and "V.D.B." Fresh Rolls, and an announcement of the results will appear in the "Daily Mail," "Daily Express," "Daily Herald," "Daily Sketch," April 16th, 1932.
(8) The decision of the Manufacturers of the "Brands with the Bands on" must be accepted as final, and is a condition of entry. No discussion or correspondence will be entered into regarding this Competition.

CLOSING DATE IS March 14th, 1932.

8D. 1lb

MARVO MARGARINE

MBC. 6-281A (GREEN BAND)

You can always rely on the Brands with the bands on

THE DENTIST'S PROPHECY

Forgetting our false teeth

"Uncomfortable?" says the dentist cheerily on parting from us. "Ah, you'll soon get used to them—they're a perfect fit. Before long you won't know you've got them." As the days go by we become more and more convinced that that's as may be. At night time, when we take them out, they compel our admiration—a mouthful of new, shining spotless teeth. But through each day our mouth seems permanently overcrowded, never clean and fresh, and always vexed by that slight but constant chafing which reminds us of our new and far from welcome guest.

Then, one day, comes the gleam of hope—a single word from a helpful friend or relative—Milton! One day more and the gleam has become a dazzling ray—why didn't we think of it before? Like thousands of others we are amazed at the apparent miracle worked by Milton and half a glass of water. Once again our mouth feels comfortable, and, what is more, with a delightful freshness unknown before. At last the dentist's prophecy is realised—we do not know we have them in!

But can such marvellous cleansing take place without damaging the denture? Even that question quickly vanishes when we learn that the great hospitals have investigated this very point and have given Milton an absolutely clean bill of health, provided the dentures are properly made, without base metal.

Good-bye to Leg Troubles

Mr. G. W. Hines, 82, Lingard Street, Saltley, Birmingham, *writes:* "I met with a serious accident, my left leg being badly crushed under a lorry; poisoning and severe ulceration of the leg followed, and this continued for over twelve months, the ulcer having to be scraped three times in hospital. I had given up practically all hope of being cured when my Mother asked me to try a bottle of Clarke's Blood Mixture; first I noticed there was a little more discharge, but I continued with a large bottle of Clarke's Blood Mixture, and my leg healed up completely."

THE ONLY WAY

To treat disease you must remove the cause from the blood: Clarke's Blood Mixture goes to the root of the complaint and has remarkable healing properties.

Famous for Blood & Skin Disorders, Rheumatic Complaints, Rashes, Eczema, Psoriasis, Sores, Etc.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

Now obtainable in TABLET form as well. Convenient and equally reliable as the liquid Clarke's Blood Mixture.

Of all Chemists and Stores 3/- per bottle.

ALIEN'S Buy-British RAMP

A STIRRING call to the housewives of Britain is being made by an organisation known as the Union of British Housewives, which has its headquarters in Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London.

Circulars are being issued in tens of thousands to homes throughout the country with the declaration that the "Empire's salvation lies in the hands of its women."

Of course, the object is to enrol members, and by way of encouragement the union publishes an imposing list of distinguished patrons, who include Lady Fulton, Violet Lady Melchett, D.B.E., Viscountess Elibank, Gertrude Lady Declies, the Hon. Mrs. Elidor Campbell and Miss Evelyn Laye.

Ambitious aims

Donations large and small are asked for, subscribers of any amount being entitled to membership in the union until the end of 1932.

"Women of Great Britain unite!" is one exhortation.

"Achievement awaits you. Your country, nay, the Empire calls you . . . the women—the housewives representing as they do the bulk of the purchasing power of the Empire—alone can help."

The union aims at "educating" British housewives to buy British all the time: in fact, it proposes to eclipse the National "Buy British" movement.

The circulars talk of abolishing unemployment by establishing a constant market for British goods and increasing the purchasing power of the home market by diverting to it moneys now paid in taxes.

The welfare and happiness of every home are to be increased; prosperity is to be restored to the Empire.

Housewives are promised protection against profiteers and are also urged to do everything in their power to secure new members for this wonderful organisation.

It is suggested that they should enrol every member of their family; arrange tea-parties, whist-drives, bridge tournaments, dances and other entertainments in their own homes. Having thus got together a crowd of guests, they should do their best to enrol every one as a member of the Union of British Housewives!

A "snowball"

Simultaneously with this widespread appeal for funds, the union is launching a special Empire Plan under which members are asked to dispose of 1s. tickets in a big cash bonus scheme.

An analysis of the conditions shows that this is nothing more than a variation of the ancient "snowball," in which a member is required to sell six tickets to six different people who, in turn, must find six fresh 1s. subscribers apiece, and so on until truly staggering figures are involved.

In view of the ambitious nature of this undertaking one would expect to find some very elaborate organisation behind it. But investigation reveals that it is entirely a one-man project!

Who, then, is that man of might who so confidently asserts his intention of eclipsing the National "Buy British" movement and abolishing unemployment.

Famous women whose names have been misused—From the top: Miss Evelyn Laye, Viscountess Elibank, and Violet Lady Melchett

He figures on the literature as Henry Shine, "Founder and Organiser," and enquiries we have made enable us to throw a great deal of light upon his activities.

He recently delivered a stirring address to a gathering of women in London, enlarging upon the advantages entailed by membership of his union.

Apart from the many aims outlined in the circulars, he explained that the union was prepared to give expert advice upon legal problems, insurance matters and education.

Another project he now has in view is a Leap Year Masked Ball at a famous West End hotel, the proceeds of which are to swell the coffers of the Union of British Housewives.

That Henry Shine is an indefatigable organiser may be gathered from the fact that he has busied himself with ambitious and startling schemes for the past twelve years, during which time he has often come under the notice of the authorities.

The truth

He was once known as Shyne, and, dealing in plastic marble, brought two expert craftsmen from Czecho-Slovakia to assist him.

He got them into the country by representing to the authorities that these craftsmen would enable him to develop his business so rapidly that he would soon be able to offer employment to a number of British workmen.

This avowed ambition was never realised. Actually, the two alien craftsmen were stranded here and had to be deported.

Shine is of Polish origin, his real name being Schein.

One bright project launched by him was a prize scheme in which entrants purchased balloons filled with gas at 1s. a time and released them into the air.

They then had to estimate the length of time their balloons would remain aloft, the prize going to the one whose estimate was most correct.

Picturesque schemes like this have been run by him in aid of St. George's Hospital, the Tavistock Clinic, Queen Charlotte's Hospital, Mount Vernon Hospital and the Veterinary College.

But by the time he had paid his followers 6s. in the £1 and deducted his own expenses, overheads, etc., there was little left for charity.

Eloquent talk

In one case, for instance, where Shine had made free use of a hospital's name for months, and had backed up his appeals by its reputation, he handed over the princely sum of £25 or so.

While in residence in a well-known West End hotel, he met an accountant in the lounge. By talking eloquently of his desire to further the "Buy British" movement he had prevailed upon this accountant to consent to act as honorary auditor to the union.

This gentleman has now withdrawn this offer because of the liberties which Shine has been taking with his name.

Many distinguished personages whose names figure in Shine's literature are now protesting that Shine has acted without their knowledge.

They certainly parted with subscriptions in the belief that they were assisting a genuine "Buy British" campaign, but never gave authority for their names to appear in public appeals for aid.

"The Greatest of These—"

RESCUE *this* SAILOR HERO!

THOSE who are alive to-day of the forty-two passengers and crew who twelve years ago were rescued from the sinking American steamer, s.s. *Munamar*, through the bravery of Mr. Edward Care, who, with the chief officer and three other seamen put off in a boat from the British s.s. *Athenic* in a heavy sea in answer to the *Munamar's* SOS, will be grieved to know that he is now homeless and destitute.

Gallantly he answered that SOS. Now—

The gold medal awarded to him by the then President of the United States for his gallantry, and presented to him in his native town of Folkestone by the then Mayor, is now in pawn, for he cannot pay the £2 10s. that is necessary to redeem it.

Mr. Care went to sea at the age of seventeen, was on a troopship during the South African War, and served in the Royal Naval Reserve from 1902 to 1924, which included four and a half years' service during the war. When he was demobilised, he went into the Merchant Service.

He is now broken-hearted because he has been turned down three times from getting a ship, because fifty-four is considered too old.

His wife died in January, 1930. "I lost my right-hand partner when I lost her," he said. Since her death he has been in London, and haunts the docks, wistful for the sea.

If he asks for help, he is offered the workhouse, but he considers seventy years old time enough to think of that. He is a strong, fit man, and his wants are very simple: one shilling a night for his bed and one shilling a day for his food suffices him.

What can our readers do for this brave, simple hero of the sea?

All donations sent on his behalf or for the fund generally should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PEARL

ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED.
High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

The steady expansion of the Company's business is evidence of its popularity and of public appreciation of service well rendered.

Year.	Number of Life Assurance Policies In Force.	Sums Assured (including Bonuses).
1921	7,546,138	£120,807,958
1931	10,041,800	£226,305,263
Increase in 10 years -	2,495,662 -	£105,497,305

THE PEARL'S GENEROUS TREATMENT OF ITS INDUSTRIAL POLICYHOLDERS.

Although the Company has never held out that it would give profits to its Industrial Policyholders, it has in actual fact added millions to their policies.

In 1926 additions were voluntarily made to the sums assured of policies then existing. These additions amounted to over £9,000,000.

Out of the profits of the three years 1929-1931 nearly £1,500,000 has been set aside to meet the cost of bonuses.

Not only have sums assured been increased, but the conditions of the policies have been improved. In particular, a scheme of non-forfeiture has been instituted under which policies, with certain exceptions, continue in force for a reduced sum assured on cessation of premium payments, provided at least two years' premiums have been paid.

The Company transacts practically all classes of insurance business and undertakes Trusteeships and Executorships.

Full particulars will be supplied on application to Chief Office or to any representative.

BONDMAN

INTRODUCE AN Empire Blend

IN AIRTIGHT TINS

10d. PER OZ.

GEORGE ROBEY *says: Stop yer nonsense and Smoke Bondman*

BONDMAN ORIGINAL BLEND

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 11½d. PER OZ.

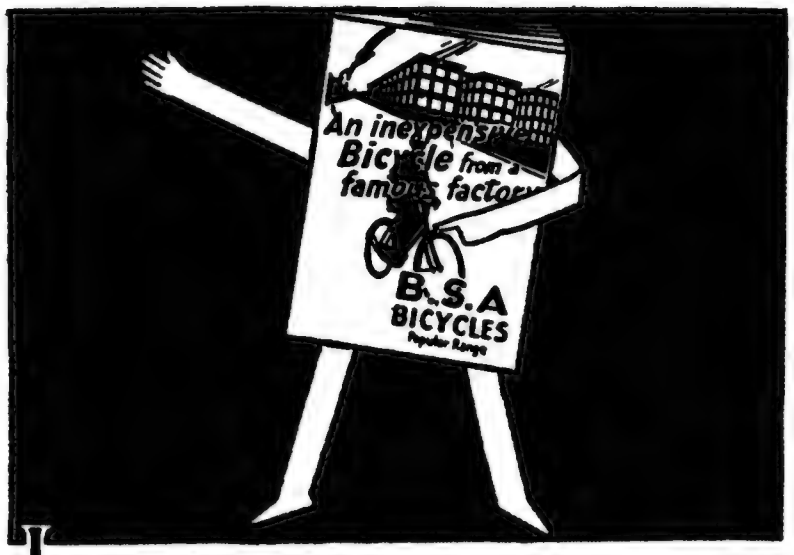
RICHARD LLOYD & SONS, CLERKENWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.1 (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.)

DOCTORS WHO SUFFER FROM INDIGESTION

due to or accompanied by acidity or food fermentation, get relief within five minutes after taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia. If you suffer after eating, if food lies like lead in your stomach, causing pain, distress, and keeping you awake at night, get a 1s. 3d. package of 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your nearest chemist and take a little in water immediately after eating or whenever pain is felt, and you'll feel the benefit within five minutes. Doctors recommend 'Bisurated' Magnesia and the Great London Hospitals use it, because they know it is a certain remedy for indigestion in its hundred and one forms. Eat what you want when you want it—just a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia afterwards, and your digestion will be functioning normally and healthfully.

Glitto

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON



I am the Catalogue that every Bicycle buyer needs

I tell you all about B.S.A. Bicycles, the finest Bicycle value you can get.

I tell you that it pays to buy the best Bicycle that you can afford, and that in the B.S.A. range you will find a model just to suit you.

I tell you that the B.S.A. Popular range of Bicycles are made for those who want an inexpensive Bicycle from a factory with a reputation for quality.

I tell you that you can buy a B.S.A. Bicycle easily out of your weekly pay envelope.

I want to talk to YOU. Send for me to-day, I shall interest you.

Prices from **£4:19:6** or

2/2 a week

Send Coupon Now

B.S.A. CYCLES, Ltd., 63, Small Heath, Birmingham.

Please send **B.S.A. Bicycle Catalogue**

Name.....

Address.....

HOW TO WARD OFF A COLD.

At the first sign of a sneeze or a shiver—Nature's preliminary warnings—take one or two teaspoonsful of Dr. White's KOMPO in a glass of well sweetened hot water, milk or tea.

KOMPO is the finest known remedy for colds, chills, influenza, sore throat, etc. Taken in time it will prevent any cold, or, if the cold is in an advanced stage, it will hasten a complete recovery. No Household should be without a bottle of KOMPO during the winter months. Get a bottle to-day. 1/3 and 3/- of all Chemists and Stores.

KOMPO FOR COLDS.

J. F. White & Co., Chemists, Leeds.

EXTRA MONEY FOR YOU.

Fairfax Club Agents ARE earning big money in their spare time. No previous experience necessary. Send at once for our **FREE 132 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE** containing wonderful bargains in Bedding, Furniture, Clothing, Furs, Jewellery, Carpets, Crockery, Drapery, Household Goods, etc., and see for yourself the exceptional value of our goods and the high commission we offer.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY TO—

Fairfax Supply Stores, Ltd., Beaumont Street, Berwick, Manchester.

Please send me FREE Illustrated Catalogue of Famous Fairfax 1/- per week Club Bargains and all particulars of how to earn extra money in my spare time.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Send in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp only required).

HOW HOSPITALS CURE STOMACH TROUBLES

FOR the last 18 months all the leading hospitals have been using what is known as the Maclean formula for all sorts of stomach troubles. Doctors everywhere have reported astonishing cures even of Gastric and Duodenal Ulcers.

Now you can get the original formula yourself at any chemist ready for your own use by simply asking for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Now if you know the agony of stomach trouble, wind, acid stomach, pains after eating, ulceration, you can get instant relief, free yourself from future danger, rid your life of discomfort and distress.

But be sure you get the genuine article under the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, If your chemist is out of stock, send 2/- direct to Macleans, Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10. Special Note: To get the genuine Maclean Brand Powder see the signature Alex C. Maclean, it is not sold loose and is only obtainable in 2/- and 1/3 cartons. The former containing double the quantity at 6d. less than double the price. Also packed in tablet form for convenience in travelling, etc.

LYING AWAKE ALL NIGHT LONG.

Nothing spoils a person's power to work or play so much as sleeplessness. It plays havoc with the nerves. It impairs one's strength and vigour. It lowers resistance to disease. Everyone feels poorly after a night of tossing about, half asleep, half awake.

Yet really there is nothing so easy to cure as most cases of insomnia. A glass of Wincarnis in the afternoon, another before going to bed will guarantee you quiet, peaceful, restful sleep.

Just try the effect of Wincarnis to-night. You'll find its lovely bouquet and aroma delicious, and you'll find it do you immediate and lasting good.

We have actually received over 20,000 recommendations from medical men who have proved the value of Wincarnis. It creates rich, new blood for all who are anæmic. It soothes and restores jaded nerves. it brings new vigour and vitality to men and women who are tired and worn out.

Try Wincarnis to-day. It is the ideal tonic in a delicious form.

FREE YOUR CLUB TIE

Wear YOUR Club Colours

Thousands of Football enthusiasts are giving their moral support to their favourites, through the generosity of the "Big Two," by wearing their Club Colours in the form of a beautiful MACCLESFIELD TIE, which is being given away FREE.

Give YOUR team every encouragement TO WIN THE ENGLISH CUP or any other match.

Help them to feel at HOME, even when they are playing AWAY, by wearing your Club Colours.

WRITE NOW FOR FOUR-COLOUR LEAFLET announcing this amazing FREE offer, also for particulars of

COMPLETE THE BIG TWO SERVICE

RACING or FOOTBALL

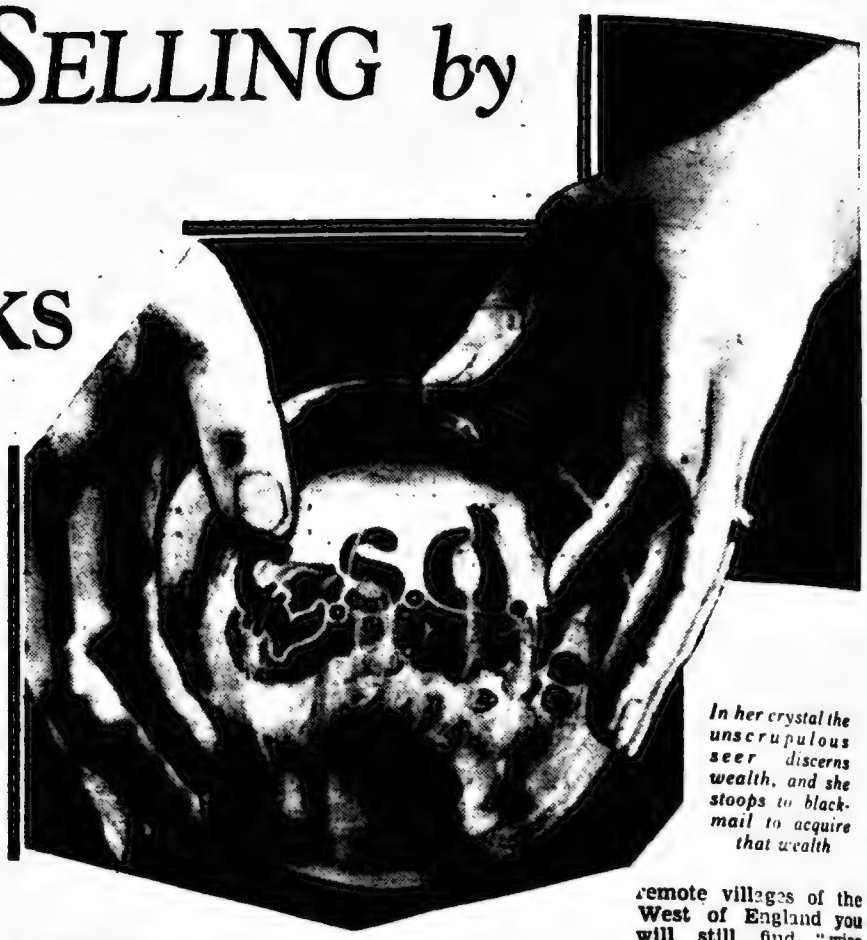
Every class of Bet catered for.

To agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD

227 BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.

SPELL-SELLING by CRYSTAL CROOKS



In her crystal the unscrupulous seer discerns wealth, and she stoops to blackmail to acquire that wealth

THERE are countless charlatans at large to-day who draw big dividends from gullibility, and who flourish by practising what amounts to witchcraft.

A regular trade in "spells" is being carried on, and in many parts of the country medievalism walks side by side with modernity. Present-day witches, passing, perhaps, as crystal-gazers, palmists, fortune-tellers and the like, cling to many ancient rites and secrets, which they are willing to divulge for a consideration.

Being astute psychologists they vary their demands according to their estimation of a person's gullibility.

A case is before us in which an Ely man was mulcted of more than £100 in a series of consultations with a woman who pretended to be able to look into the future and counsel him regarding problems that were likely to arise.

There is a woman seer, living in a wretched side street in South London, who is content to charge only a shilling or two for consultations. She can well afford to be modest in her demands, for she has a steady stream of clients and is kept busy dispensing "advice" from early morning until late at night.

SHE is a specialist in spells, some of which are weird and wonderful. Take, for example, that prescribed for a young girl who was troubled at a lover's indifference.

"Buy threepennyworth of 'dragon's blood' at the chemist's," she was told. "Don't touch anything to eat or drink between eleven o'clock and twelve at night; and as the clock chimes twelve, break off a piece of the 'dragon's blood' (a red, Eastern dye, usually sold in lumps), put it on a paper in the grate and set light to it.

"See that it burns, and while it is burning, keep the name of your lover in mind and repeat the words:

"Dragon's blood, dragon's blood,
'Tis not your blood I wish to burn,
But my true love's heart I wish to turn.
May he never sleep, rest, nor happy be,
Until he comes or sends to me."

This spell, it should be noted, must be repeated every night until the faint-hearted lover comes up to scratch!

While the average person can afford to laugh at the absurdity of all this, the sorry fact remains that credulous folk have been driven to terrible resorts.

Not long ago a Birmingham factory lass committed suicide because her mind had been unhinged by the gloomy predictions of an old woman who professed to "tell fortunes."

A Breconshire farmer also took his own life after a "curse" had supposedly been laid upon him by a village girl.

Medical men could testify to the fact that tragedy lurks behind much of this present-day sorcery, and the following story is vouched for by a doctor in practice in a small industrial town:

Receiving an urgent summons to attend a child which he had helped to bring into the world a few weeks before, he was amazed to find it at death's door.

By patient and shrewd questioning he persuaded the mother to admit that she had consulted a "wise woman" in the neighbourhood because the child had been in the habit of putting out its tongue.

And she had prescribed raw rabbits' brains as a cure!

Nauseating prescriptions of this kind are common in witchcraft. In the more remote villages of the West of England you will still find "wise women" who advocate "a cooked mouse" as a positive cure for certain childish weaknesses!

There is another aspect of present-day witchcraft which demands publicity. It is often practised by criminals whose real object is blackmail.

Having got a simple-minded person to attend consultations, they gradually invite confidences, pretending that they wish to "analyse" the client's troubles.

A MAN who consulted a woman seer in Ipswich afterwards received a threatening letter, based on facts he had unwittingly imparted regarding his past. He was told that there would be trouble unless he went to see her again.

He went, and under subsequent pressure, attended her salon again and again. By this subtle form of blackmail he was bled continuously, for each compulsory consultation cost him 30s.!

In the end, he plucked up courage and went to the police, with the result that the woman was sent to jail.

That is the advice we would give to any person who may be caught in the toils of a charlatan of this type; a word with the police should prove effective in breaking the strongest "spell."

TABLOID SPORT by "Silver Ring" and Our Football Expert

N.H.M. Notes

THE approach of the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham is a sign that the winter campaign is coming to an end.

Make a note of Dusty Foot for the spectacular four miles' 'chase. I was very impressed by his display at Newbury, and as Sir Lindsay will be absent from the "National" field, the son of Martin Lightfoot will have plenty of backers for the big race at Aintree.

There will be some tip-top racing at Kempton this week-end. Kakushin strikes me as nicely treated in the Emblem 'Chase, and I expect Caddie to win the Rendlesham Long Distance Hurdle. Silver Mount and Kirkgunzeon may bring off the Saturday "double."

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 25, to Wednesday, March 2.

T A N G Q K P D C X Z H J S M L

89 87 86 85 84 83 V B R E F I U O Y W

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below.

85C8783WX would read GRAKLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. S89287L87 would read OTTAWA.

A SOCCER SEER'S SELECTIONS

FOR FEBRUARY 27

ENGLISH CUP.—Round VI.
(1) Liverpool v. CHELSEA.
(2) BURY v. Manchester C.ty.
(3) Huddersfield v. ARSENAL.
**(4) NEWCASTLE v. Watford.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.
(1) Leicester v. Derby.
(2) WEDNESDAY v. Everton.
(3) ASTON VILLA v. Portsmouth.
(4) GRIMSBY v. Birmingham.
**(5) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Blackpool.

SECOND DIVISION.
(1) WOLVERHAMPTON v. Leeds.
(2) HOTSPUR v. Notts.
*(3) BRADFORD v. Swansea.
(4) BURNLEY v. Oldham.
(5) Charlton v. BRADFORD C.
**(6) CHESTERFIELD v. Bristol C.
(7) Manchester U. v. Barnsley
(8) Forest v. PLYMOUTH.
(9) SOUTHAMPTON v. Port Vale.
*(10) STOKE v. Millwall.

THIRD DIVISION (Southern).
(1) Orient v. FULHAM.
(2) Bristol R. v. BRENTFORD.
(3) BOSCOMBE v. Coventry.
**(4) BRIGHTON v. Northampton.
(5) CRYSTAL PALACE v. Gillingham.
(6) Mansfield v. Cardiff.
*(7) NORWICH v. Reading.
(8) Q.P. Rangers v. EXETER.
(9) SWINDON v. Southend.
*(10) TORQUAY v. Thames.

THIRD DIVISION (Northern).
(1) Southport v. Gateshead.
(2) Stockport v. LINCOLN
(3) ACCRINGTON v. Chester.
*(4) CREWE v. Darlington.
(5) DONCASTER v. Walsall
(6) Rochdale v. HALIFAX.
(7) ROTHERHAM v. Hull.
(8) Tranmere v. Barrow.
(9) WREXHAM v. Hartlepools.
**(10) YORK v. New Brighton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
(1) Hearts v. MOTHERWELL.
**(2) CELTIC v. Dundee.
(3) AIRDRIE v. Ayr.
(4) Cowdenbeath v. Third Lanark.
(5) Dundee U. v. ABERDEEN.
(6) HAMILTON v. Leith.
(7) KILMARNOCK v. Clyde.
(8) MORTON v. Falkirk.
(9) PARTICK v. St Mirren.
(10) Queen's Park v. RANGERS.

OUR FIVE-STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning. Division and number will be quoted as above, together with *H* for home and *A* for away team.

Example Code: Div. I.—5(*H*); Div. II.—6(*H*); Southern Section—4(*H*); Scottish League—2(*H*) would indicate Middlesbrough, Chesterfield, Brighton and Celtic.

"Oh . . . naughty Mummy!"

"You forgot my Rowntree's Cocoa — that's why I didn't enjoy my supper."

Poor little Bobby! Such a disappointment because he does like his big cups of Rowntree's at breakfast and supper — no other drink pleases him so much.

Mother won't forget it again. She knows it is good for him, keeps him warm and safe from cold.

"THE BEST DRINK FOR GROWING CHILDREN"

say the Doctors

Rowntree's Cocoa is recommended by doctors and dietitians as a splendid addition to the diet of growing children. It is full of the nourishment that children need during the important years of growing.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

BRITISH MADE AND BRITISH OWNED

3 Free Gift Coupons in every ¼-lb. tin

CO 422-36

Banish After-Influenza DEPRESSION

Uncontrollable fits of crying—headaches—acute melancholia follow Influenza. This condition is very DANGEROUS. Depression after Influenza is responsible every year for much distress.

INFLUENZA CAUSES ANÆMIA

Recent research shows that Influenza leaves its victim subject to Anæmia. Hall's Wine taken during convalescence after Influenza will prevent recurring coughs and colds and afford relief from the trying

Symptoms of Anæmia

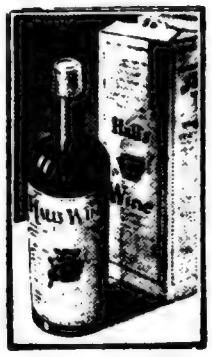
Weakness and languor, Breathlessness, Palpitation and Faintness, Headaches, Sleeplessness and Depression, Neuralgia.

Influenza's after-effects are more serious than the disease itself. When the temperature is back to normal then is the time for special precautions. Influenza has a most debilitating effect upon the blood; it leaves behind it weakness and lowness of spirits that cry out for a bracing, bloodmaking tonic. Take Hall's Wine NOW. Hall's Wine contains the natural iron and vitamin of the grape, together with valuable medicaments. These act upon the system with immediate effect.

Nothing is said more frequently about Hall's Wine than—"I felt better from the first wineglassful." From the very first dose the blood is enriched and body-energy increased. This is apparent in the return of colour to the cheeks and improved "morale" of the patient.

Good rich blood brings cheerfulness. And cheerfulness is essential to complete and safe recovery. Invigorate your blood with Hall's Wine. Be strong and well to enjoy the Springtime.

★ *Send a postcard to-day for particulars of a very SPECIAL OFFER, to purchasers of Hall's Wine.*



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Of all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

★*Hall's Wine is Approved and Recommended as a Tonic Restorative by the British Analytical Control Ltd., a scientific body which affords independent testimony as to the purity and quality of food and other products.*

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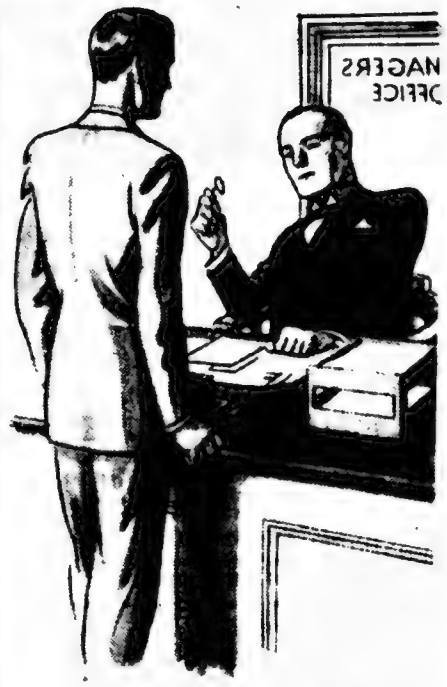

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THE underling, content, or forced, to hold a minor post, always at everyone's beck and call, or will you climb up and up into the better paid jobs which come to those who show most technical ability? At work you learn to be what you are, and no more. It is away from work where you must prepare to rise to the big posts. This need not take long; an hour a day spent with an I.C.S. Spare-Time Course will give you the finest training of its kind in the world. It will fit you for a higher position in one of the Trades or Professions specified below. During the last 41 years nearly 4,000,000 students have benefited by these Courses. Great success has come to tens of thousands of them—why should it not come to you? Write to us for information as to how you can get on in life by improving your knowledge of your chosen calling.

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FORMAMINT
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Pin your faith to the Toughest of the Tough
I'm not in Suspense—I'm in
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Worn by the man who knows
Ask your outfitter. If you have any difficulty write direct:
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HOSPITAL *was* KIND *to* ME

***say these* LETTER PARLIAMENT Contributors**

FOURTEEN years ago, following a fall, I lay in a special ward of a London maternity hospital. I "came to" to find the sweetest little face and cuddlesome body by my side. I gave it a happy glance and fell asleep.

A week later I learned the truth. My own baby had never lived. The little mite I thought my own was the child of a young, unmarried mother who had lived but an hour. A kindly nurse had laid it by my side to help me round and break the shock.

Dorothy, busy at her homework, sits opposite me now, filling my life with happiness in place of a heartache.—*E. L. M., Canterbury.*

The Magic Symbol

When I was a young girl, I was confined in one of our largest maternity hospitals in London.

A kindly nurse bought me a cheap wedding-ring, and thus I became "Mrs." instead of "Miss," and was able to hold up my head with the rest of the married mothers.—*D. P., London.*

Generous Scot

During the Great War, in December, 1916, I was in a military hospital at Chatham, recovering from an operation.

Noticing that I never had any visitors, the doctor, a Scotsman, Mackenzie by name, enquired after my relatives. I replied that I had a widowed mother who had not the means to visit me.

Without saying another word, he went and returned with a postal-order, stamped envelope, and pass into hospital for me to send her, an act of kindness I shall never forget.—*J. R., Stratford.*

Understanding

My little boy died in hospital from cerebro-spinal meningitis, despite all that skill and care could do.

I went to look at him for the last time, and I have a memory that will never fade.

Clasped in his hands was a beautiful spray of pure white chrysanthemums, one perfect bloom nestling against his cheek.

That bare room was made sacred by the loving thought of a nurse. To-day I thank God for the women who understand and comfort us with such acts of love and tender devotion.—*E. W., Bradford.*

Friendly Enemies

I was the only Englishman in a hospital full of Germans. The doctor spoke English, and he bought me chocolate, cigarettes, English books, and told me to ask for anything I wanted.

Sisters, nurses and patients all showed the same kindness to a poor private, who had come to expect only insults and harsh treatment.

On discharge, I thanked the doctor. Then he said: "I have a brother at Donnington Hall, England, who says he is treated well, so I cannot ill-treat an Englishman."

I have never forgotten the kindness shown to me by my friend the enemy.—*C. A. C., Rugby.*

All Equal

Brought up in a household where the elders believed that hospitals were places where doctors practised on the poor so that the rich could be treated properly, my thoughts can be imagined when I had to enter a surgical ward.

Physically, the doctors and nurses did their work satisfactorily. Mentally, they achieved a wonderful change of outlook.

Hospitals are now regarded by me as places where the sole ambition is to remove physical disabilities and pain. There is no preferential treatment.

I regard that change of outlook as a "best thing." I now try always to be charitable.—*G. G., London, N.*

Inspiration

I was in a Glasgow infirmary, a victim of a nervous breakdown.

The ward sister wrestled with my remaining fragment of will-power, and one day, after a terrific struggle to bring the nerves back under control, she said, "If you are beaten, it will be your own fault."

Although only partly conscious, I heard her, and determined, with God's help, I would win through.

The struggle is still going on, but to that sister who inspired me with a belief that I could win, I owe a debt of gratitude I can never repay.—"*Progress,*" *Jamestown.*

Like Music

They cured me of the deafness that was rapidly making life a burden. They gave me back the voices of loved ones, and for that I can never be sufficiently grateful.

Only those who have suffered from the torturing silence of deafness can realise the wonderful boon conferred on me by our hospital.

The sounds of everyday life, even noises of traffic, all seem like music to re-awakened ears.—*Grateful, Hull.*

'Phone Call

The sister noticed that I had no visitor. I explained that my wife was very ill, and that my only son could not leave his place of business during the time allowed to visitors. Incidentally I mentioned where he was employed.

Late one afternoon I was told that my operation would be performed next morning. It was, and during the evening my son was at my bedside.

A busy day, but the sister had made time to search out the telephone number of my son's employers, told him the operation was over and successful, and bade him to come along.—*A. C., Barnet.*

Double Cure

Impelled by sheer love of adventure, my sister ran away from home, and, despite all efforts to trace her, completely disappeared.

A few years later I was involved in a motor smash in a distant town and carried into hospital unconscious.

For awhile my eyes were endangered, but one day the bandages were removed, and I saw for the first time the nurse who had so carefully attended me.

The recognition was mutual.

Thus the hospital restored my sight and my sister too.—*J. R., Manchester.*

Through Tears

A few days after my operation I was feeling as if no one could ever have been as unhappy as I was. The ward sister came to my bed and I tried to talk cheerfully.

After a few minutes, she pulled the curtains round and put her arm round me. "Now have a good cry; it's such a relief," she said.

I did not need any encouragement. After that I felt better, and I am sure it was her kindness and understanding that made me begin to get well.—*K. G., Hants.*

* * *

I was looked after and waited upon as though I was a royal prince, instead of a poor clerk.—*S. O. S., Notts.*

I went in a cynic and came out a confirmed optimist in the belief of the goodness of mankind.—*A. A., Brighton.*

They took me in free, and sent me home "freed."—*Peggy, Darwen.*

They arranged for the delivery of my weekly tonic, JOHN BULL.—*F. A., Yorks.*

They made me realise that all the angels are not in heaven.—*R., Wakefield.*

When I am worried with worldly troubles, I think of those angels of patience and renew my struggles with a better heart.—*Q., Bradford.*

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Slips."

ALDERSHOT NEWS:—"The Voluntary Committee has been asked to nominate one member to the Maternity and Child WARFARE Committee."

LEIGH, TYLDESLEY AND ATHERTON JOURNAL:—"Those who wish to dance cannot do better than attend this class, at which special attention is given to LEANERS."

SUNDAY REFEREE:—"The captain presented the secretary with a very handsome case of pipes which was suitably acknowledged by the UNWORTHY recipient."

SOUTH YORKSHIRE TIMES:—"Mr. —— farms about a hundred acres in the Wombwell flood area, and has suffered greatly in recent years through damage to his CHOPS."

CLITHEROE BORO' RECORD:—"Chief Constable —— was ALMOST amongst the mourners."

HANTS TELEGRAPH AND POST:—"Everything else was reduced to a heap of smouldering ACHES."

THE GUIDE:—"The BUDS were singing riotously."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"It's my BOTHER-in-law."

FIRST aid for Johnny's black eye—and no questions asked. Now the hospitals themselves need first aid—learn how you can render it *on page 40*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, March 1.

What I Did that Shamed Me Most

If hoarseness means you can't succeed Suck Zubes and then the Choir you'll lead

ZUBES

Zubes contain Aniseed, Liquorice, Menthol, Capsicum, Friar's Balsam, Horehound, Coltsfoot, Squills and Honey.

2½D PER OZ.

Airtight Tins 3d. and 6d.

F. W. Hampshire & Co. Ltd., Derby. Except in I.F.S.

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£ WONDERFUL OPENING FOR MEN IN REGULAR EMPLOYMENT £

WHY YOU SHOULD DO THIS.—Turn your spare time into cash. Make your homes happy. Secure your future. Double your weekly wages. Give your children a good start.

HOW YOU SHOULD DO THIS.—Serve your friends with our dependable Clothing, Drapery, Footwear, Cycles, Jewellery, etc. Customers don't have to wait their turn in Club, but goods sent to anyone as soon as you send orders. Your commission paid at once as soon as you start. No waiting until customers have settled account. £250,000 stock for you to select from. The whole thing is easy! Write for full particulars, and we will tell you how to start.

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* Contained in an extremely handsome cabinet, having every appearance of Cowhide covering. Attractive modern design.

* Circuit includes five British Valves & British Batteries. Fitted with handle and turntable.

* POWERFUL SELECTIVE

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Or 12 monthly payments of 9/9

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and 107 Cheapside, E.C.

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on EASY TERMS 4 yds. by 3yds. for 6/-

ONLY with order and your promise to make 5 further monthly payments of 6/-, and one final payment of 2/6. Send your order NOW and get the home fresh and sunny looking.

For Terms of other sizes see Pattern Book.

You have got enough to do in the house without the burden of floor-scrubbing. Has it occurred to you that thousands of overworked women are unnecessarily suffering? It seems surprising that women continue to scrub floors when they can be easily relieved of the burden, and that relief is Catesbys Cork Lino. This handsome and durable floor-covering requires no scrubbing, and can be so easily cleaned.

NO DEPOSIT — NO REFERENCE requested, if you are a householder in England or Wales, and goods will be sent at once, carriage paid, on receipt of order and first monthly payment. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded at once.

SEND THIS COUPON FOR FREE PATTERN.

To CATESBYS, Ltd., London, W.1.

Please send me, post free, your Free Coloured Book of Cork Lino designs, sample pieces, Cash and Easy Terms Prices.

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Address.....

K.19.....

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"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 66 x 90 ins. Weight 7½lbs pair.

Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60 x 80ins. 4lbs pair.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54ins.
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One coloured Padeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt Size 72 x 94ins.
Two White Pillow Cases, Size 20 x 30ins.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60ins.

IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a 56-Piece Cutlery Service:—6 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, and 6 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, white all through.

The Complete Sale (including the 56 Piece Cutlery Service), Ready for Immediate Delivery, Carriage Paid. Price £5

TERMS: 5/- with Order, and 5/- Monthly. Fullest Approval. Catalogue Free.

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You cannot be too careful about these grave complaints, which not only wreck the health, but may eventually lead to fatal results. Thousands of grateful people have testified to the amazing benefits which they have gained by taking Dr. Kilmer's **SWAMP-ROOT.** Their letters tell of health quickly regained in many cases after years of painful illness. If you are suffering from **RHEUMATISM, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, SICKNESS, PALPITATION, BACKACHE, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES,** etc., turn to **SWAMP-ROOT** as a friend in need. **SWAMP-ROOT IS ABSOLUTELY SAFE, EVEN FOR CHILDREN.**

DR. KILMER'S

SWAMP-ROOT

The Old-Established Liquid Herbal Remedy for Kidneys, Liver and Bladder.

From all Chemists— 1/3, 3/- and 5/- a bottle.

DR. KILMER & CO., London, S.W.2.

£1,300 Awarded in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition. No. 152.

In the above contest, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £1,250 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the competition, a cheque for £625 will be despatched:—

Mrs. W. M. FINFIELD, 222, Warwick Road, Birmingham.
J. J. SHARRATT, Salt, Stafford.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize, must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, March 8th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order Number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £50 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 23 competitors, from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £2 3s. 6d.:—

Beard, C., 73, High St., Wellington, Salop; Cane, Mrs., 9, Chapel Pl., Dover; Cummins, M., 49, Weldon Cres., Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Doe, A., St. Peter's, Earlham Green Lane, Norwich; Edgeworth, Miss K., 11, Victoria Terr., Royal Canal, Dublin; Ferris, L. L., 101, Regent St., St. Thomas, Exeter; Hannan, J., 67, Sturges St., Hall Lane, Bradford; Hately, J., 16, Hedley Av., Blyth, Northumberland; Jones, W. E., 1, Cheshire View, Handbridge, Chester Lawson, V., 15, Goswick Ave., Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Lindsay, Miss C. Tullycreenaught, Randalstown; Locke, M. F. B., Guildstead, Stockbury, Sittingbourne; Newby, Mrs. E., 45, Dee St., Jarrow-on-Tyne; Noice, D. F., 39, Exmouth Rd., Grays, Essex; Parsons, H., 186, Coventry Rd., Nuneaton; Pike, R., 76, Whitehorse Hill, Chislehurst, Kent; Pritchard, R., 23, Maesnofferen, Blaenau Festiniog, N. Wales; Quantrill, Mrs. H., White House Farm, March, Cambs; Rumbelow, Mrs. J. E., Queen's Rd., Fakenham, Norfolk; Savage, Miss M., 77, Bestwood Rd., Hucknall, Notts; Sixsmith, Mrs. H., The Grove, Birmingham New Rd., Wolverhampton; Swaddle, Mrs., 3, Park Terr., Whitley Bay; Welsby, G., 18, Station Rd., Prescot, Lancs.

Another Splendid X-Word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £3 a Week and £50 to be divided between the Runners-up appears on Page 36. Try Your Skill now!

Women who Suffer

You Need

YEAST-VITE

Tired Mothers, Weary Business Girls, Pale Anæmic Women, all find New Life, New Strength, New Vitality and New Endurance through Yeast-Vite. Dreariness, Depression and Drooping Spirits vanish! That Awful Agony of Jangled, Jumpy and Frayed Nerves is Calmed and Soothed.

'Yeast-Vite' Relieves

NERVE PAINS	IN 5 15 MINS.
HEADACHES	IN 5 15 MINS.
LASSITUDE	IN 10 20 MINS.
DEPRESSION	IN 10/20 MINS.
"NERVES"	IN 10 20 MINS.
INDIGESTION	IN 15/30 MINS.
EXHAUSTION	IN 15/30 MINS.
SLEEPLESSNESS	IN 30/60 MINS.
RHEUMATISM	IN 24 HOURS.
CONSTIPATION	IN 36 HOURS.
IMPURE BLOOD	IN 36 HOURS.

"RELIEF IN 5 MINUTES"

I wish to tell you how grateful I am to your tablets. My face and head were in a terrible state and my nerves were so bad. Noticing your advert in our paper, I decided to try Yeast-Vite. I sent out for a 1/3 size and took two tablets. In five minutes I was relieved and could sleep.

(Sgd.) Mrs. H.

NO CURE—NO PAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite Brand Tablets, and if you are not CONVINCED of their WONDERFUL POWER, and TONIC PROPERTIES return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of Purchase, and your money will be refunded in full without question.

YEAST-VITE

Brand Tablets, All Chemists, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

I.C.B.

RAGING AGONY that "Daisy" ended

"I was afraid I should never end the raging agony of my neuralgia," writes Mrs. Clay-Johnson, of South Porter St., Ancoats, Manchester. "Every remedy seemed like water on a duck's back until someone suggested Daisy. The relief was so wonderful that I almost cried with joy."

2D. each Packet of 4 Powders 7½D.

There are no harmful drugs, no aspirin, nothing to upset your heart or digestion in Daisy. It soothes and heals the throbbing nerves like a charm and makes life worth living for millions.

"DAISY" HEADACHE POWDERS

Daisy Ltd., Horsforth Leeds.

£125 WON IN "JOHN BULL'S" RADIO CONTEST No. 6

No coupon received in this contest contained the key numbers of all eight records in the order decided by the Expert Committee, i.e.:—

7 8 4 6 10 8 5 9

The competitors whose selections proceeded furthest down this list in agreement with the Experts' order played the first four records correctly. Accordingly, the cheque for £100 will be divided between the fifteen competitors:—

C. B. Brown, 14, Clements Rd., Charlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester. A. S. Collins, 5, Devonshire Rd., Nottingham, S.E.9. E. G. Davison, 4, North St., Emsworth, Hants. — Ethline, "Dot" Bungalow, St. Brelades, Jersey. Mrs. C. Flood, 1, St. Mary's Grove, Chiswick, W.4. Mrs. Howard, 27, Grosvenor Rd., Shegreen. W. Kinnersley, 142, Severn St., Holderness Rd., Hull. Miss G. McDonald, Lockhead, Alexandra Dock, Hull. Mrs. W. G. MacGowan, 4, Langlands, Dumfries, N.B. L. Shed, 6, Acre Cottages, Slade Green, Kent. F. Squires, "Peacehaven," Hoo, Nr. Rochester, Kent. Miss D. Tizard, "Queens Court," Hill Lane, Southampton. V. West, 18, Christchurch Rd., Winchester. Mrs. A. Wollaston, Emery Down, Lyndhurst. Miss D. Woolston, 34A, Hackford Rd., Brixton, S.W.9.

The Award of £25 for Runners-up will be shared by 80 competitors, whose names appear on a list which may be inspected at the "John Bull" office. Prizes value 6/3 will be despatched on March 2nd.

"JOHN BULL" RADIO CONTEST No. 7.

Below are given the key numbers of the six Gramophone records in order of entertainment value as decided by the Committee of Experts, from the ten played in "John Bull" Radio Contest No. 7 broadcast on February 14th.

8 6 9 2 5 3

The name of the prize-winner of this contest will be announced in next week's issue of "John Bull."

TRY TO WIN £1,000 Cash!

Turn to page 29

NEVER "UP TO THE MARK."

Are you one of the many women who do not know what it means to feel really well? Hardly a day passes, perhaps, but what you have a headache; often your back feels ready to break and you find it almost more than you can do to get through the day. You feel too weary for anything—every little task is beyond you.

Why do you suffer like this? You need not do so. Perhaps you do not realise that nearly all weaknesses from which women suffer are due to one cause—thin, impoverished blood. Enrich and renew your blood, and you will find all your ailments vanish. To do this you have only to take Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills actually create new rich blood, and because they do this, they have given new health and fresh vigour to thousands of weary depressed women.

If you want to get all the benefit that new rich blood can give you, start taking Dr. Williams' pink pills now. New strength, a good appetite, better sleep and steady nerves—these will all be yours by taking these pills. Get a 3s. 0d. box from your chemist to-day; but ask for Dr. Williams'—nothing else will give you the new blood that brings new life.

FREE.—"Nature's Warnings" is a booklet of practical help to every woman. Write to C. F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

FREE!

Fill in the coupon in the HACKNEY FURNISHING CO.'S advt. on page 23 for FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and particulars of their easy terms and unique Free Insurance Plan. Remarkable enterprise is shown by this firm, whose unrivalled protection policy provides that in cases of illness or accident your instalments are paid for you.

AGAIN A HUGE £3 A WEEK LIFE PENSION FOR LIFE OR £1,250 CASH

JOHN BULL'S X-WORD £50 for runners up

INTERESTING·CLUES NO-CLAIMS·REQUIRED EASY·TO·ENTER

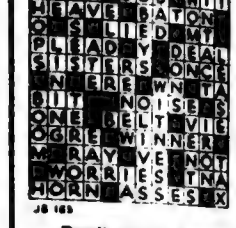
A LIFE Pension of £3 a week or £1,250 cash down! This is the huge award offered in this week's simple Crossword Contest. Here is another splendid opportunity for "John Bull" readers to capture a magnificent prize for filling in the fascinating little squares below. Read the clues carefully—and then make your entry. Somebody must win the prize; it quite easily may be you!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £3 a week for life or £1,250 cash for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 10th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 17th.

(Should First Prize be shared, £1,250 cash will be paid instead of dividing Pension.)

Winners in X-Word No. 152 appear on page 35.

Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 153



JB 153

Result will be published next week.

The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 153 is given here with as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co.,; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than **NOON, Thursday, March 3rd.**

2.—No competitor may submit more than 2 Double Entry Forms (four squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, March 17th.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post **Tuesday, March 29th,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £50 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

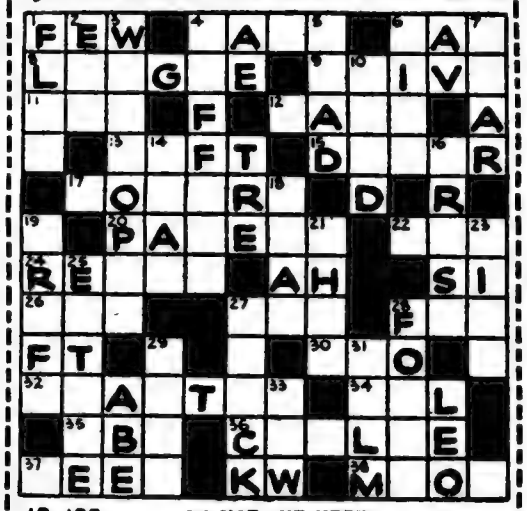
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

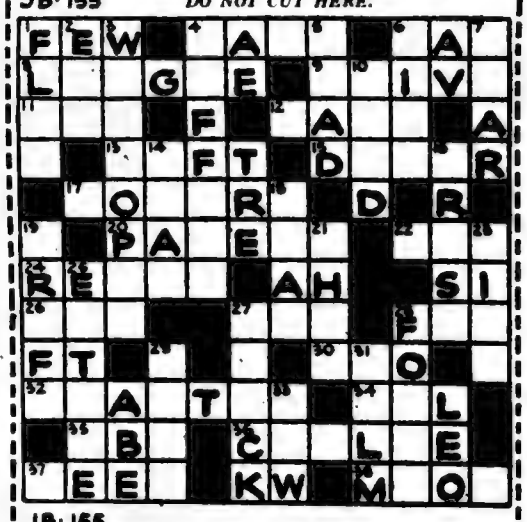
NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. { See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 155



JB·155 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB·155

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....

P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE, Noon, Thursday, Mar. 3, 1932

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Not many.
4. Sometimes caught by wicketkeeper.
6. Brings fragrance to the fields.
8. Group of football clubs.
9. Hard, oily fruit.
11. Everything.
12. This sometimes keeps sonny at home.
13. Room under the roof
15. Prevent.
17. Books have them.
20. Money's often obtained from.
22. Parliament provides this.
24. Bobbins.
26. Word which connects sentences.
27. Where invalids recuperate.
28. Flat, marshy land.
30. What person?
32. One guilty of treason.
34. A yard and a quarter.
35. Receding tide.
36. Works in fields.
37. These sometimes annoy golfers.
38. Hinders convict's escape.

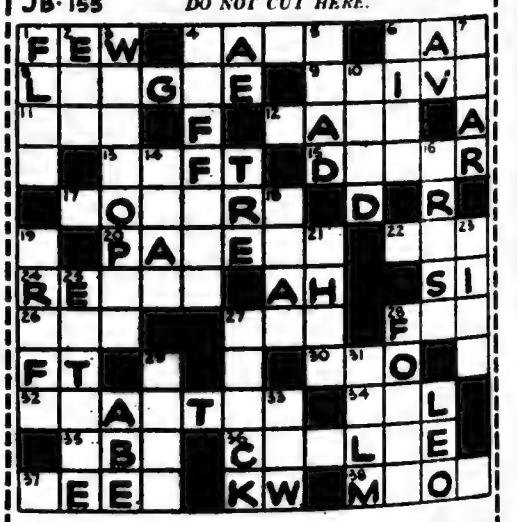
CLUES DOWN.

1. Hang limply.
2. It's difficult to hold this fish.
3. Smacked.
4. Are run into at railway station.
5. Burden.
6. Often makes money.
7. This one has 366 days.
10. Spoke untruthfully.
14. Egg-shaped.
16. Rub out.
18. Amateur's photograph.
19. Straightforward people despise this.
21. Follows frost.
23. It often comes in from the South.
25. A course at a meal.
27. Is sometimes worn in the country.
28. Page in account-book.
29. These sometimes get us out of difficulties.
31. Ship's tiller.
33. Squabble.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull" or his copy of "Passing Show," in conjunction with which journal this contest is conducted. Should the first prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 155

JB·155 DO NOT CUT HERE.



JB·155

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....

P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Don't Omit your Name and Address

ADDRESS ENTRY:—"John Bull" Crosswords, No. 155, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ANOTHER £3 A WEEK FOR LIFE FOR NEXT WEEK'S X-WORD!

THE EDITOR LAUGHS

AMERICAN (Strand).—"Is Chicago a go-ahead city?" Bang up to date.

F. M. (Walton).—"What is the best way to keep a private diary?" Locked up.

W. J. (Cardiff).—"Is it the case that chickens are very poor fliers?" Not when we carve them.

PHYLLIS (London, S.W.).—"What do you think of the enclosed photograph of me?" It certainly has been cleverly retouched.

CRITIC (Bayswater).—"Chattering in the audience drowns a lot of the sound in a talkie film." But not nearly enough.

M. M. (Stepney).—"I can't think what to call my new baby." Doesn't your husband suggest a few names in the night?

F. M. (Colchester).—"Do you believe that genius is hereditary?" Not having a son, we cannot say.

"BRIDE-TO-BE" (Hull).—"What do housewives use to get a high polish on their floors?" Their husbands, as a rule.

A. C. (Hastings).—"What shall I write an article for you on?" Any paper that burns well.

B. M. (Edinburgh).—"I live in the same square with several titled families." But do you move in the same circle?

"T.T." (Brixton).—"What is the best drink preventive?" The high price of the stuff.

GEORGE (Shoreditch).—"What is the best thing to put in an early-morning cold bath?" Some nice, hot water.

G. M. (Derby).—"What is a bachelor's average income?" Between one and two a.m.

"LITERARY" (Chelsea).—"I ask you—what would Bernard Shaw be without his beard?" Clean-shaven.

"OPEN AIR" (Dundee).—"After all, there is a great deal to be said for the out-door life." So spring-cleaning has commenced in Dundee?

REV. (London, W.).—"What is there to prevent a clergyman from seeing a music-hall revue?" The hat of the woman in front, perhaps.

W. A. J. (Erith).—"Professional masseurs must find it difficult to make a living these hard times." We suppose they rub along somehow.

H. M. (Manchester).—"The income-tax collector is very popular here." You should try writing fiction for American papers.

H. M. (Colne).—"You have an easy time in the office, I should think." You certainly should, judging by the first part of your sentence.

HILDA (Maldon).—"If I break off the engagement, shall I be allowed to keep the ring?" You'll probably have to see the jewellers about that.

MRS. F. (Reading).—"What will the Paris hat-designers create for the spring?" The usual matrimonial scenes, we suppose.

MOTORIST (Atherstone).—"How did I know she was going to turn suddenly to the left?" Didn't she hold out her right hand?

H. S. (Lincoln).—"I see that jewellers are having a very bad time owing to the national economy." All that glitters is not sold.

MISS K. (Carlisle).—"It is possible to get rid of sleepiness by talking, isn't it?" Yes; but it just transfers the complaint to others.

E. R. (Dunbar).—"When is the average person most thirsty?" At a party, just after the host has announced that he can't find the corkscrew.

W. B. (Dewsbury).—"Does a young man inherit his father's weaknesses?" Not necessarily, but that's the usual excuse.

A. H. (Esher).—"What is a good thing to put on one's face after shaving?" Any stray pieces of face and some sticking-plaster.

G. J. (Skipton).—"I feel I shall never do anything better than the accompanying MSS." You mustn't lose heart like that!

TRAVELLER (Blackpool).—"It's not often that one sees a native woman crying." Perhaps that's the reason why they haven't much to wear.

V. S. (Windsor).—"If you tune in at five o'clock in the morning, what do you get?" A stiff note from the occupier of the flat above.

A. H. (Burnt Oak).—"Why do they call it leap year?" Because it makes so many men jumpy.

L. M. (Totnes).—"Time is a great healer." But a very poor beauty doctor.

E. Y. (Kingston).—"Is my article blunt enough?" It certainly has no point.

C. W. (Luton).—"Broadcasting was predicted by a scientist over 150 years ago." What a pity his warning was ignored.

G. M. (Ashford).—"What is your opinion of the £1 and 10s. notes at present in issue?" We prefer the former.

H. P. (Bow).—"What is a woman's intuition?" Something that tells her she is right whether she is or not.

H. R. (Dundee).—"What is meant by diplomatic relations?" Sarcasm; relations are never diplomatic.

G. P. (Darwin).—"Snails have hundreds of teeth." Haven't you noticed their pace resembles that of a man hurrying to the dentist?

TRAINER (Epsom).—"The majority of racehorses answer to their names." But not to the ones they are sometimes called.

H. D. (Norwich).—"Do you agree with my wife's contention that milk is a perfectly safe drink?" Oh, yes; but we don't advise you to go home with it.

O. J. (Chertsey).—"The price I am asking for my car includes everything — even a road map." And a railway time-table as well?

ADAMSON Gets the Bird!

B. D. (Putney).—"What do the letters 'O.H.M.S.' mean?" Trouble, usually.

F. D. (Berwick).—"Why are small men good-tempered?" Because big men aren't.

S. G. (Leeds).—"I had my mind read." You were charged half price, of course?

C. T. (Rufforth).—"A bachelor has no one to share his troubles." Has he any?

W. B. (Ruislip).—"Applause is cheap." Yes, it can be got for a mere song.

B. G. (Chichester).—"Many good violins lie silent in British homes." That's our idea of a good violin.

D. T. (Bristol).—"What is the man doing who is always butting in where he isn't wanted?" Selling vacuum-cleaners.

G. M. (Colchester).—"Your paper does not make me think." You cannot expect us to perform miracles for twopence.

MRS. T. (Hawick).—"Wealth is a disease, isn't it?" But not an infectious one, unfortunately.

G. W. (Chelmsford).—"I understand you have a new editor." Yes, but he has been warned about you.

B. C. (London).—"Where are our playwrights?" Some of them might reply, "Where are our audiences?"

W. N. S. (Bristol).—"My wife will never stop talking when out with me." She will if it comes from you.

G. M. (Baldock).—"I kissed the enclosed article before sending it to you." It is now on its way back for another embrace.

CAVE-MAN (Bury).—"The bride who is allowed too much scope at the beginning cannot draw the line when she has to." What she requires is a good ruler.

M. R. (Cardiff).—"Income-tax forms ought to be printed in Welsh for Welshmen." Why try to improve on the original Greek?

E. L. (Oundle).—"A graphologist says faults and virtues are betrayed by writing." Especially when read from the witness-box.

A. A. (Wantage).—"Is there a big difference between the North Pole and the South Pole?" All the difference in the world.

P. N. (Ipswich).—"What can you do when a woman cries at breakfast?" Say that she can have the hat and make a dash for your train.

B. M. (York).—"Were you surprised to receive this letter?" Yes, but the post office seems to be able to read any sort of writing.

T. M. (Exeter).—"I have a dark blue crocus blooming in my garden." It's lucky for the flower that you do not live at Cambridge.

G. M. C. (Reading).—"Every page of JOHN BULL is full of interest to me." But don't overlook the capital. Invest a spare half-hour in *Bullets* and win that Easter £500 on page 39.

F. N. (Truro).—"May I give you a look when I come to the City?" Not if it is the one you were wearing in the photograph you enclosed.

G. K. (Manchester).—"A recent series of indoor political meetings in Manchester resulted in full attendances every night." It has been rather cold in London, too.

C. H. (Luton).—"In his eagerness to come home quickly, my son hired a taxi which was charged up to me." Did you tell him not to hurry on your account again?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

* * *

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

"I feel the FIRST DOSE did my COUGH good" *Mrs. R. (Nottingham)*

Thousands tell of the wonderful relief afforded by Famel Syrup after only the first dose. The secret of its amazing power is this: Nature has one great curative agent for chest and throat complaints, admitted by the Medical profession to be capable of wonderful results if only it could be properly applied to the seat of the trouble. Previously it could only be inhaled, but now in Famel Syrup it is offered in such a way that *it can actually enter the blood stream* and so attack the causes of coughs, bronchitis and catarrh *at the very root.* It stimulates Nature's own defensive agents—the germ-killing corpuscles—and strenghtens the system's natural resistance against infection. Famel Syrup instantly checks 'flu, prevents 'flu complications and at once relieves a 'flu cough. Its effect—even the first dose—is almost miraculous. Prove it. Buy a bottle (3/-) at your Chemist's or send for free sample.

There are thousands of cases like these:

"I feel the first dose did my cough good and I feel relieved already."
Mrs. R. (Nottingham).

"Instant relief after the first dose."

"I had instant relief after the first dose. Famel Syrup is simply wonderful and I can assure you I have never tried anything to approach it. Believe me, I shall never be without a bottle in the house. My children have also been given the same treatment with the same wonderful result." W. G. T. (Essex).

"I have found relief in first dose and have recommended it to my friend."
R. D. (Gt. Yarmouth).

"One dose relieved my terrible cough."

"I had a terrible cough which nearly tore me to pieces. I used to cough for about five hours a time, but after taking one dose I got relieved by magic, and after three doses my cough had completely disappeared and once again I am feeling quite well. I have recommended it to all my friends." E. C. (Kent).

"I find benefit after taking only one dose. I have told a friend about what wonderful stuff it is." L. M. (Dagenham).

"I had great relief after the first dose and my cough was completely gone by the time I finished the bottle. (Nurse) Shropshire.

"The result was instantaneous."

"I have tried Famel Syrup for my catarrh and a very bad cold. The result was instantaneous and I was amazed at the amount of phlegm I got rid of and the clearing of the breathing passages."
A. W. A. (London).

For FREE Sample worth 1/3 ***Post coupon below (with 4d. in stamps for postage) for very generous FREE sample. Only one bottle to each family.***

FAMEL SYRUP

Post this Coupon TO-DAY!

To Wilcox, Jozeau & Co., Ltd., (Dept. E.15), 15, Great St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2.
I enclose 4d. in stamps. Please send me large sample bottle of FAMEL SYRUP.

Name .....
BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE.
Address .....

4/5ths of "Bullets" Prize Money

PAID THIS YEAR IN FIRSTS

HAS BEEN WON BY READERS OF The Leader

DO you realise that out of the £5,150 which BULLETS have paid out in first prizes this year, no less than £4,050 has gone to regular readers of THE LEADER—the competition-solving paper which no newspaper competitor can possibly afford to be without?

-and here's the Reason Why!

ONCE you have seen a copy of THE LEADER you will realise why it has a sale equal to that of all other competition-solving papers added together. No other paper devotes anywhere near as much space to Literary Competitions, and in providing its readers with expert assistance and advice which helps them to carry off the big prizes being offered by JOHN BULL—and other papers—every week.

A recent big prize-winner summed up the difference between THE LEADER and competitive publications when he said "THE LEADER begins where other competition-solving papers leave off."

EACH of the examples in the BULLETS Offer on the facing page is analysed in this week's issue of THE LEADER. Competitors are provided with likely thoughts and examples of specimen lines.

All winning lines announced this week in Literary competitions are criticised by "Scrutineer," who explains why they have met the Judges' eye and the various interesting points in their construction. You will also find additional coupons for BULLETS and other Literary competitions which you may use for further entries.

-and "John Bull" Crossword too!

The current issue of THE LEADER also contains a reliable solution for JOHN BULL Crossword this week. additional coupons which you may use and dictionary definitions of the various alternatives, the Once you have seen, the Crossword pages of THE LEADER, you will realise why readers have already won £24,000 in Crossword competitions this year.

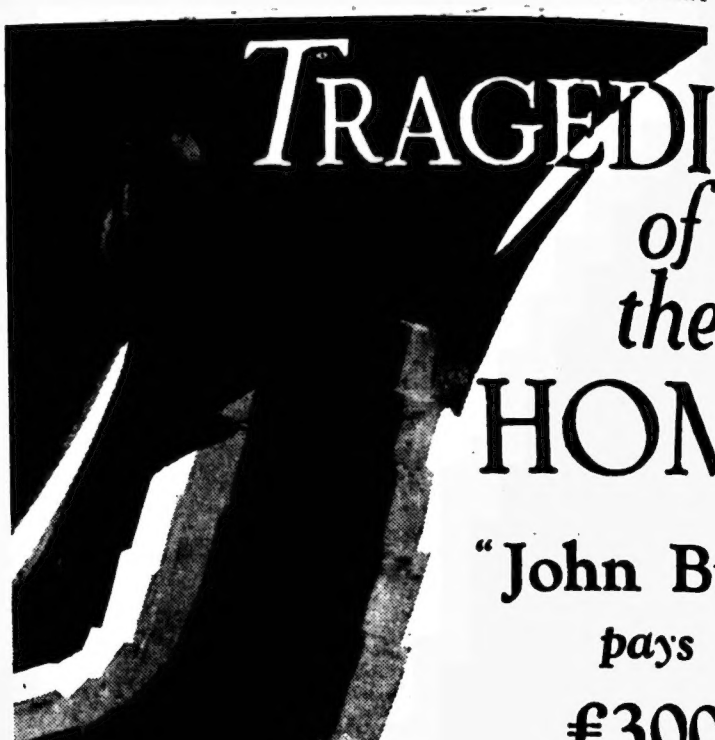
See that you have

The Leader

SOLVES EVERY NEWSPAPER COMPETITION

ON SALE EVERYWHERE 2D

Net Sale equals that of all other competition-solving papers added together!



TRAGEDIES of the HOME

"John Bull" pays £300

TRAGEDY comes in the most unsuspected manner—lurks in the most unsuspected of places. Take the accidents which have now overtaken three readers of JOHN BULL:

Stairs steep and dark and unlighted caused a tragedy in the home of Mrs. Lucas, 18, Ridge Rd., Highfields, Doncaster. Her husband, a miner, looking forward to retiring on pension, fell to his death.

Polished linoleum was the cause of another reader's death. Mr. Davies, of 115, High St., Merthyr Tydfil, slipped on the polished surface and fell downstairs.

A child's penny was the cause of the third tragedy. Mrs. Lewis, 27, Sycamore Rd., Hollingwood, Chesterfield, got out of bed to get a penny for her little boy. Her nightdress came in contact with the fire and she was burned to death.

In each of these three cases JOHN BULL has dispatched a cheque for £100 under its Great Free Family Insurance.

Have *you* signed the Registration Forms? Could *you* call on JOHN BULL for a cheque if tragedy darkened *your* home? Sign and be safe!

What "John Bull" Gives.

The contents of your home will be covered against FIRE (up to £1,000).

Other Benefits include:—

Burglary	(up to £200)
Storm, Flood ...	(up to £300)
Home Accidents	(up to £250)
Sickness ...(up to £10 10 0)	
Sports Accidents	(up to £500)
Children's Benefits	£3

These and other benefits are subject to

10% Bonus

in the case of readers registered for 3 months and over.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT, BURGLARY—"John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE.

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 27/2/32

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....
Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 27/2/32

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL'S PEN OFFER

Breaking all Records

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON.

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance.** *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

CASH IN COUPONS

THREE BIG ATTRACTIONS and £100 "BULLETIN" BONUS!

BULLETS
£500 BIG FIRST
50 PRIZES OF £5 EACH
50 BIG EASTER HAMPERS
£100 EXTRA BONUS
TO BE SHARED BETWEEN WINNERS OF £6 AND OVER IN THIS CONTEST WHO WERE REGISTERED FOR OUR "BULLETS" BULLETIN ON SATURDAY, MARCH 5TH
QUALIFY ON COUPON BELOW!
£50 £25
20 PRIZES OF £6
500 of 2/6
8,000 TARGETS
2,000 SPECIAL "RED SEAL" TARGETS
EACH HAMPER CONTAINS
Plump Aylesbury Duckling. Fresh Green Peas. Bottle of Gooseberries. Preserved Cream. Easter Cake. Fruit Cordial. Chocolate Easter Egg. Marzipan Easter Egg. Cigarettes and Bottle of Fine Old Port.
AND IT WILL BE DESPATCHED IN GOOD TIME FOR EASTER SUNDAY, MARCH 27
THIS WEEK ONLY!

£1,032 CASH IN TIME FOR EASTER!

IN the unique list of *Bullets* prizes announced to-day, three points will strike you at once. First, there is the bumper cheque for **£500**. Next, the huge batch of fifty **£5** notes. And then, fifty of the famous JOHN BULL Easter Hampers.

As well as further cheques for **£50**, **£25** and twenty of **£6**, an additional Bonus of **£100** is to be divided between winners of **£6** and over who, by the closing date of this contest, were registered readers of our free weekly *Bullets Bulletin*. Register with the coupon provided on this page.

To make a ***Bullet***, study carefully each of the *Examples* below, jotting down the rough ideas which they bring to your mind.

Now deal with each of your jottings in turn, remembering that a finished *Bullet* consists of **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR WORDS** which form a telling comment and link up neatly with the *Example* chosen. Suppose, for instance, you choose the *Example* SCHOOLMASTER RAMSAY, you could add the words WANTS FEWER "HANDS OUT," and thus complete a ***Bullet***.

We recall below some winners from a recent prize-list—examine them closely before you begin on your own efforts:

CLUMSY CHAP—DAD—"AWKWARD" WITHOUT HIM!
BRITAIN'S STAR—MR. TAXPAYER, BATHROOM BARITONE.
REIGN OF TERROR—ABOUT ALL GANDHI'S "ENGINEERED."

Remember—you have only until **Saturday, March 5**, to enter some *Bullets* and win one of this week's big prizes in time for Easter!

Choose from these "Examples"

SCHOOLMASTER RAMSAY
ON DUTY
NOT IMPROVING
GROUSING
IN TAXATION'S BLIZZARD
THRILL OF THE CHASE
ANNOYS HER
EMPTY CRADLE
FROM THE DEEP
WARDERS
STICKING IT
NOBODY MINDS WHEN
THE TICKET
LAUGHING AT THE LAW
SEDATELY
SHOCK FOR THE VILLAGE
DADDY'S SWEETHEART
BRIGHTENING UP
FOR HOURS
SPITEFUL
OUR TRADESMEN
LET IN
SONNY'S LEFT SCHOOL, SO
FEELING FINE
A MUG
IF LOVE'S BLIND
CURE FOR THE BLUES
SETTLED HIS ACCOUNT
THRUST ASIDE
HIGHER
SOUNDS OF REVELRY
UP FROM THE COUNTRY

The result of Competition No. 837 will appear in our next issue, published on Thursday, March 3.

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded to that in the opinion of the judges in conjunction with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only one attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull, and crossed / & Co. /. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the number of the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects. Acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

FREE "FIRST" AID

He took a short cut to Success

"UNTIL six or seven weeks ago I had never even looked at a *Bullet*"—those are the words of a JOHN BULL reader who to-day is **£500** richer for turning his attention to our Competition.

This speedy success has been secured by Mr. H. Christian, 42, Norton Street, Bootle, who in Competition No. **836** won the First Prize of £500 for his ingenious *Bullet*, PUBLICITY —"TORCH" OR "BRANDING IRON."

Like many other big winners, Mr. Christian shortened his way to the prize-list by becoming a regular reader of our free weekly *Bullets Bulletin*. "By reading it," he says, "I grasped the essentials and absorbed the winning style."

£300 Winner's Advice

From another recent First Prize-winner, Mr. A. A. Jackson, 11, Wilson Street, Glasgow, comes further evidence of the practical guidance of our free help for would-be winners. "*Bullets Bulletin* is getting better every week," he says, "and I would advise all competitors to get it. I know it helped me to win my **£300**."

If you want an opportunity of sharing in this week's **£100** Bonus, join the regular readers by posting off the coupon in the next column.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 840 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the first prize-winner in Competition No. 836 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. Gent, 128, Pool Road, Bootle, Liverpool.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(840) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Mar. 5 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(840) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Mar. 5 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(840) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Mar. 5 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(840) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
Closing SAT. Mar. 5 — I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry:—"Bullets" No. 840, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

£100 BONUS COUPON

USE THIS TO SECURE FREE "BULLETS BULLETINS."

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed " and Co."), payable to "John Bull" to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets Bulletin," commencing with the next available issue.

NAME.....

Do not send this coupon with your Bullets entry.

ADDRESS.....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 13, HOLBORN GARDENS, LONDON, W.C.2.

GIANT FIRST £1,250 FIFTY NOVEL
NEXT WEEK ONLY — BIG BONUSES ALSO

HURRY!

ONLY TWO WEEKS TO WIN £20,000

A Personal Appeal from "John Bull."

"JOHN BULL" makes a personal appeal to you to take advantage of the wonderful opportunity before you to-day. This Gigantic "Help-The-Hospitals" Contest, with its First Prize of £20,000 or £25,000 for 6d., is now drawing rapidly to its climax.

These are definitely the last two weeks. The Contest is open to every reader of "John Bull." Readers of this paper, with their wonderful understanding of the great work done by the Hospitals, will, we know, rise magnificently to this memorable occasion and make this National Appeal an overwhelming success.

HURRY! £20,000 for 6d. is waiting to be won and very soon your opportunity of winning it will be gone for ever. Think of it! Twenty thousand pounds—the most gigantic prize of its kind ever offered in this country! It's worth while acting swiftly. It's worth while acting NOW. Decide to enter immediately for this great contest and make sure that you are in the running for this colossal prize by posting your entries **before it is too late.**

The contest is a simple one. It is open to all readers of "John Bull." All that you are asked to do is to select the best twelve out of the 28 Hospital Slogans given on the Entry Form on the right—that is all—there is no order of merit required and you do not have to send in a claim.

A few moments' study—the exercise of judgment and skill—twelve crosses and sixpence—and you may win a prize that can bring you independence for life.

This great contest is organised by the British Charities Association, who have already distributed £225,000 to Hospitals and other Charities. Every penny of the profit goes to the Hospitals throughout the country and every penny of the prize money is guaranteed by the "Daily Herald."

Should the winner be a Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald" an extra £5,000 will be added to the First Prize, making £25,000 in all.

This great contest is now closing—you have only two more weeks to win £20,000 or £25,000. Very soon the closing date will be here and it will be too late to enter. Think of the opportunities you have missed because you did not act instantly. Resolve not to let delay rob you of a fortune. **The time to enter is now.** Take a pen and mark those 12 crosses on the Entry Form on the right. Do it *now*—for £20,000 or £25,000!

DON'T BE TOO LATE!

Send in your entries NOW!

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

(1) Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered. **TWELVE CROSSES ONLY** must be written in the blank spaces provided in any one column used.

(2) Spaces for up to five entries have been provided on each form, and the Subscription for the Competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3) In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the Association will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from Number 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4) Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitor to **Dept. J.B.6, BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOCIATION, 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).**

(5) After the close of the competition the list of 28 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of eminent Hospital Authorities and Publicity Experts, who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve selections in any one entry column agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of Messrs. Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6) In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes will be divided. If the first prize is divided the additional prize of £5,000 will be similarly divided and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

(7) The British Charities Association reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and sufficient, and the decision of the Council of the Association upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Association takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or misaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8) Employees of the British Charities Association, the "Daily Herald," and its associated companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9) The closing date for the receipt of entries is Saturday, March 12th, but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a day to be announced, and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

(10) Failure to comply with any of the rules invol ves disqualification.

ALL PROFITS TO THE HOSPITALS!

Great "Daily Herald" Help-the-Hospitals Contest

Organised by The British Charities Association
Chairman: Lord Luke.
1st Prize—£20,000
£5,000 extra if winner is a Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald."
2nd Prize—£250 : 3rd Prize—£100

Choose the best Twelve of the 28 Hospital Slogans by placing a X against those selected, in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. **INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE —OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.** No order of merit required. Ink must be used.

Help the Hospitals!		One Entry 6d. ↓	Two Entries 1/- ↓	Three Entries 1/6 ↓	Four Entries 2/- ↓	Five Entries 2/6 ↓
1	—To pity is human—to give, divine.					
2	—A little down helps someone up.					
3	—Our first aid needs your aid first.					
4	—There's a welcome in Hospital for any "Mite" of yours.					
5	—They're a National Credit—their support a National Debt.					
6	—A cot—means a lot—to some tot!					
7	—Better to give than receive—Hospital Treatment.					
8	—To someone it may mean—"Your money or my life."					
9	—They deserve our praise and preserve our days.					
10	—Give a Helping Hand to Helping Hands.					
11	—"L.S.D." means Lives Saved Daily.					
12	—Give well to make well.					
13	—Coins cannot calculate but every copper counts.					
14	—They need more help to help more.					
15	—They put you on your feet—give them a hand.					
16	—A good prescription—your subscription.					
17	—If Health is Wealth, Hospitals are the Mint.					
18	—We need your help—you may need ours.					
19	—We cannot say "come in" unless we have an income					
20	—Lives are in our hands—our lives are in yours!					
21	—The key to the Hospital problem is—in your pocket!					
22	—Your little bit may make somebody fit.					
23	—Your "present" may decide someone's future.					
24	—The health of each is the concern of all.					
25	—Give and let live.					
26	—Someone will thank you—for Life!					
27	—We're building health—be a brick and help.					
28	—Patients have Faith—doctors, Hope—have you Charity?					

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.

Insert twelve crosses only in each column you complete. No order of merit required.

I agree to abide by the Rules and enclose

P.O. Number.....value.....covering.....entries.

P.O. is crossed /& Co./ and is made payable to the British Charities Association.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

(Block Letters) .....

(Please write clearly in ink. Place three-halfpenny stamp on your envelope.) J.B.6

—Cut Along Here—

Address your Entry: (Dept. J.B.6), British Charities Association, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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